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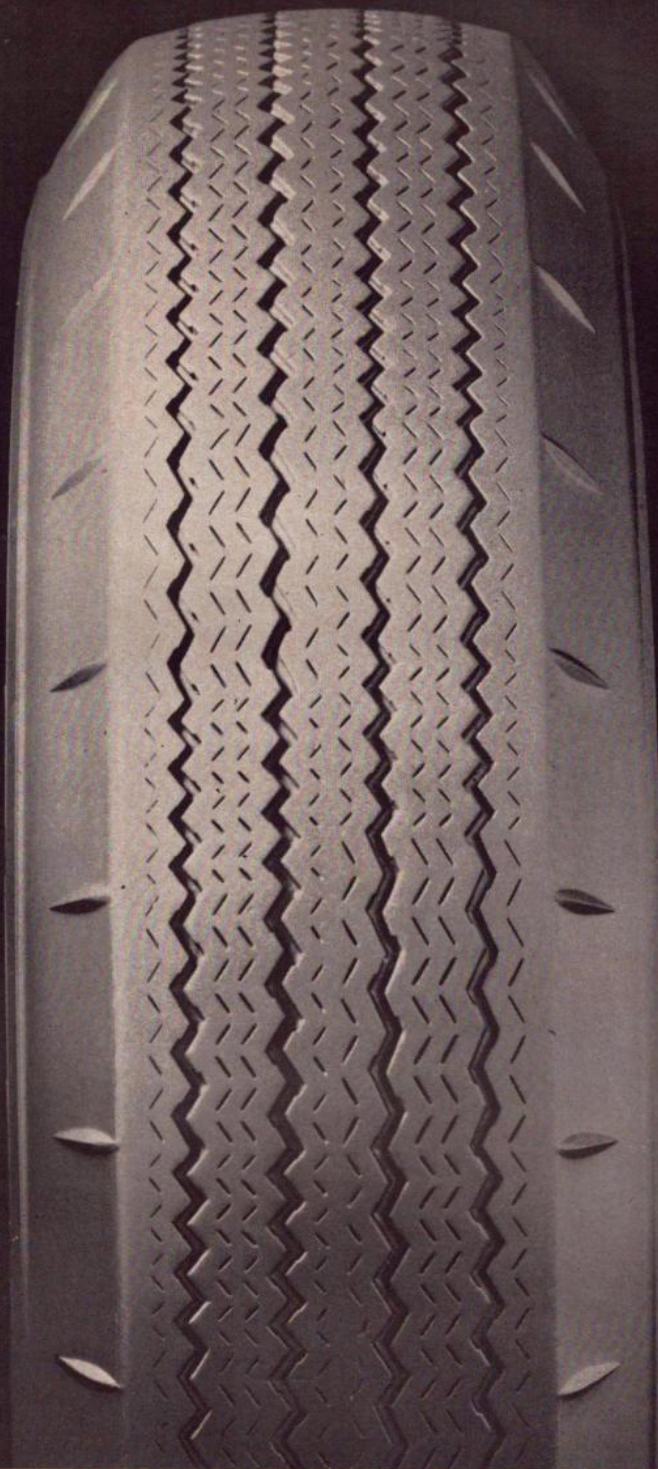
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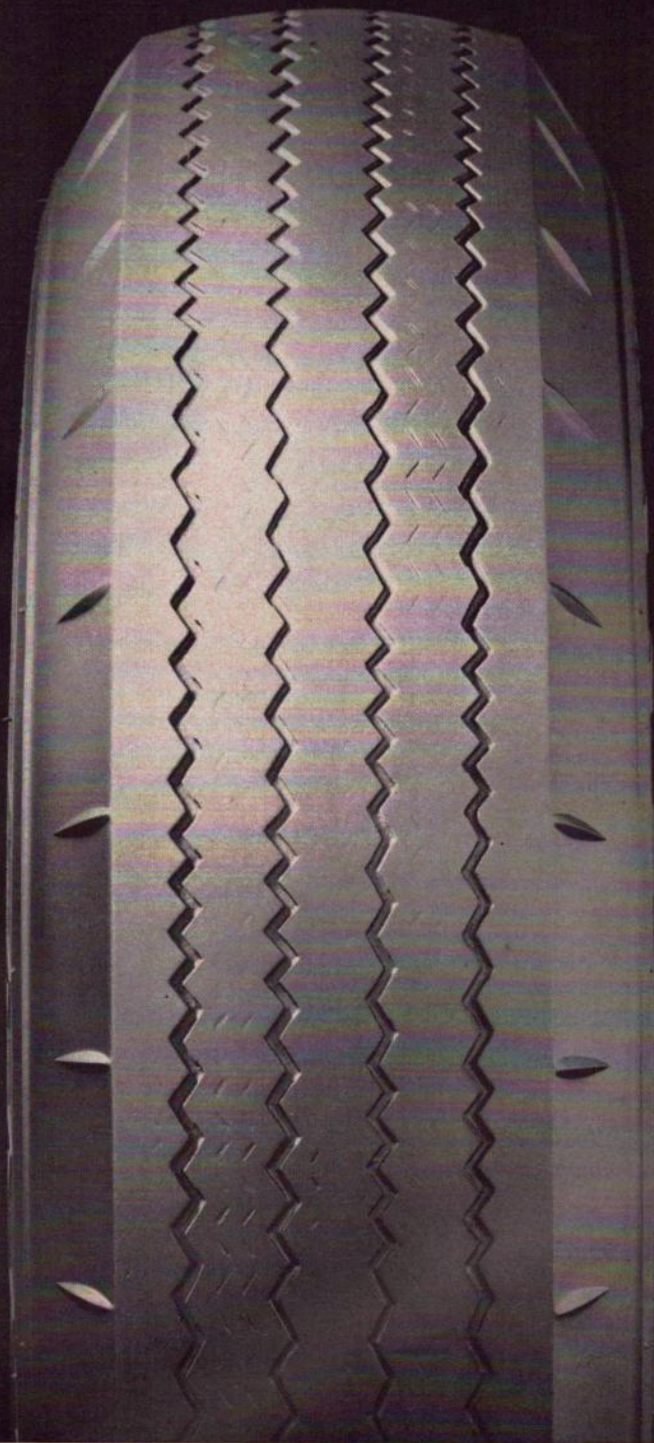
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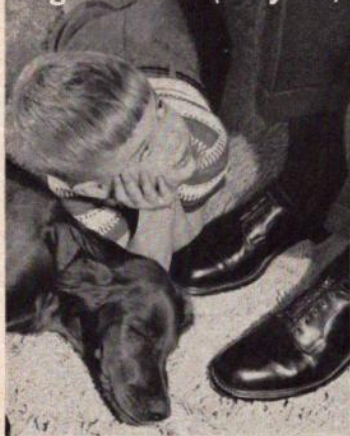
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AMERICA'S FAMILY MAGAZINE • 26TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

"The bodies of all women are designed to bear children, and most of their joys and tragedies stem from that fact." So says Dr. Virgil G. Damon (left), an obstetrician and gynecologist who has known more than 40,000 women in over 40 years. In this issue, he begins a summing-up of his career. He tells why some women love pregnancy and why others hate it; what he thinks of Caesareans, contraception and group obstetrics. His article, preceded by a picture report on babies before birth, starts on page 24.

LOOK

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Cover Photograph: President and Mrs. John F. Kennedy,
by Stanley Tretick

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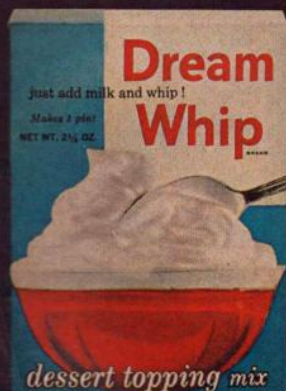
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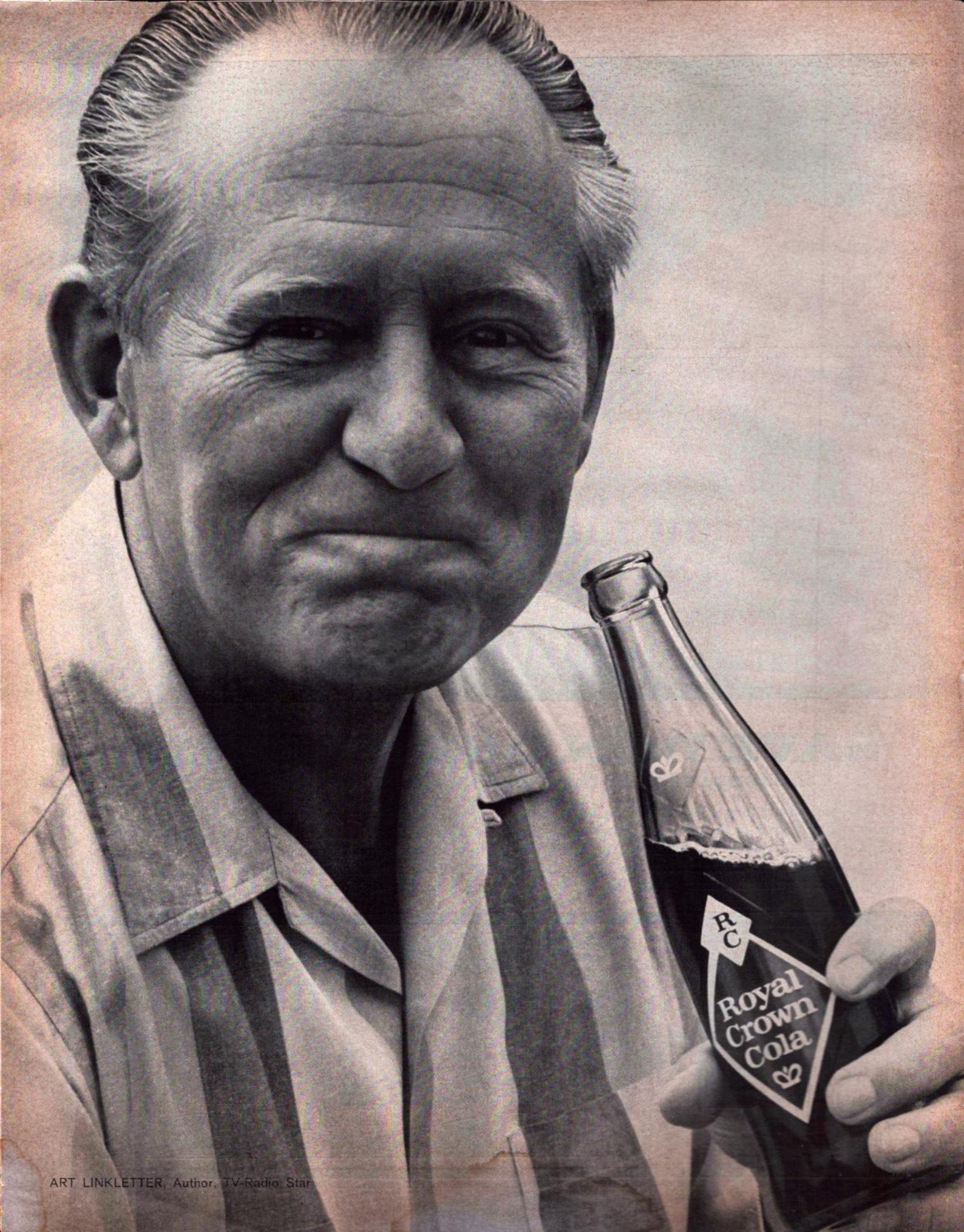
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Good Works

Thank you so much for your heart-warming article on those wonderful Bussmanns and their darling Korean children [*They Adopted Quadruplets*, Look, April 24]. In a world so filled with chaos, it is indeed a pleasure to read about these unselfish people caring for less fortunate human beings. May God bless them. I'm sure He will.

MRS. LAWRENCE LEETE, JR.
Guilford, Conn.

Cuban Curtain

I am a young housewife with four children. I don't find much time to read, let alone write how I feel, but *Ramona Crashes Cuba's Iron Curtain* [Look, April 24] impressed me so much that I just had to. I never realized how close the Cuban Iron Curtain is to us. Do print more of these articles to wake us up.

MRS. ERNEST O. CLARK
Martinsburg, W. Va.

... We should be operating boats all over the waters that separate Cuba from our shores, to help encourage this exodus. Places should be found for our Cuban neighbors in all of the 50 states. All Americans need to do now to disgrace our great country is to show the least signs of "unwelcome" to these poor people, and we shall indeed draw the contempt of the world.

DAVID J. BURTON
Thompsonville, Conn.

... My one hope is that somehow the rest of the country can be brought to realize that [caring for Cuban refugees] is not a job for us alone here in Miami. We desperately need Northern help and, frankly, Northern dollars. ... We are all very sad. [We hear that a patrol] boat "got" the last

little fishing boat from Ramona's area, killed some of the passengers and took the rest to prison. Before that, two other boatloads were killed, and another group of 20 (some of whom I knew) are now in prison. ... Boats ... are still arriving, and we are still trying to help. ...

MRS. ELLSWORTH F. CURTIN
Key Biscayne
Miami, Fla.

Mrs. Curtin and the Key Biscayne Women's Club are among the many groups doing what they can to help resettle refugees from Cuba.—Ed.

The Reign in Pain

Before blasting away at the British for their stupidity in supporting royalty [*Is Queen Elizabeth Under Fire?* Look, April 24], Americans might take a long, hard look at our elected royalty, which becomes, with each passing year, more and more expensive for us to support. ... We, like our British brothers, maintain fleets of planes and ships; we, too, can boast of "... a confusion of those arrogant, lavish limousines," which breeze around depositing their regal cargoes on certain privileged doorsteps. As for relatives on the public payroll—hush our mouth, honey, we have plenty of those too!

DOROTHY BEISIGL
El Cajon, Calif.

The "blasting" in LOOK's article was done, not by Americans, but by the British themselves.—Ed.

For a plethora of words, a midget tempest in a dwarfish teapot and much ado about nothing much, [the article] wins the leather medal.

CARL LOWDEN
Shelbyville, Ind.

Religion and Politics

Congratulations on *The Rightist Crisis in Our Churches* by Louis Casels [Look, April 24]. Your publication of this timely and responsible article is an important public service.

THE REV. DR. ROSWELL P. BARNES
Executive Secretary
World Council of Churches
New York, N. Y.

Amen! Finally a reputable national periodical has approached this is-

continued



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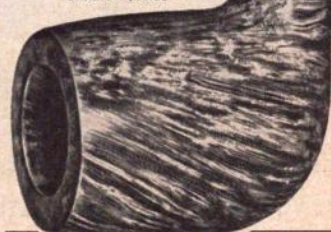
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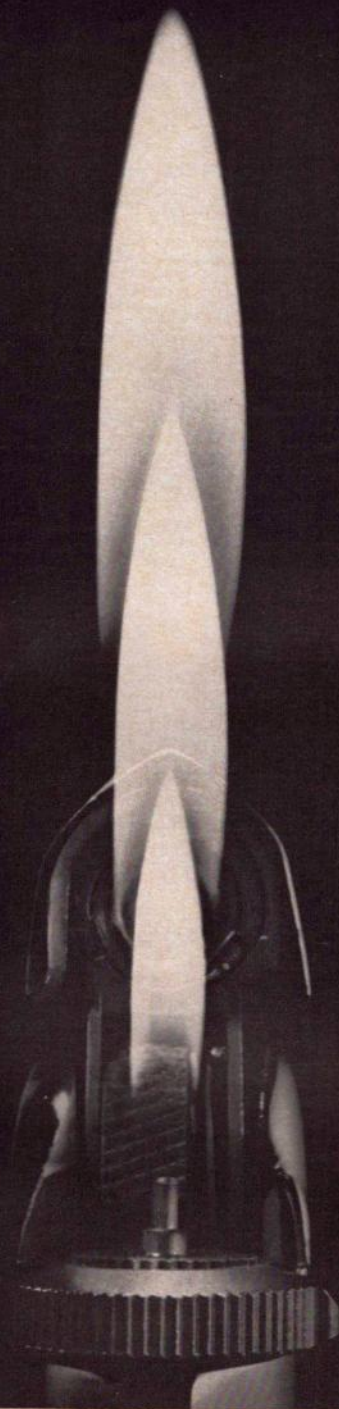


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□ A college sophomore who spent 13½ hours on the Min/Max statistics program correctly answered 150 out of 153 final examination questions.

□ Twenty-three sixth graders spent 21 hours on the Min/Max spelling program. Their average improvement was equal to one year's school work. Some improved by as much as three years.

□ Six college freshmen, all poor spellers, took the Min/Max programed spelling course. Said the instructor: "The program did for them in an average of 12½ hours what 12 years of formal training in spelling failed to do."

□ A New Jersey Rabbi, conducting a course in Hebrew, states: "...the whole procedure is the best way I have ever seen to teach Hebrew in a classroom situation."

□ A university class, after independent study on a Min/Max higher mathematics program, took a standard final examination and averaged 90%. Another group, attending classroom lectures and working from textbooks, averaged 63% on the same examination.

□ Eleven Reserve Officers spent 10 working days on a Min/Max programed study of the Russian language. The machine work was supplemented by a Russian textbook and phonograph records. The supervising officer reported: "I would judge that these students learned about as much Russian in these 70 hours as they would have learned in about 1½ semesters of a c



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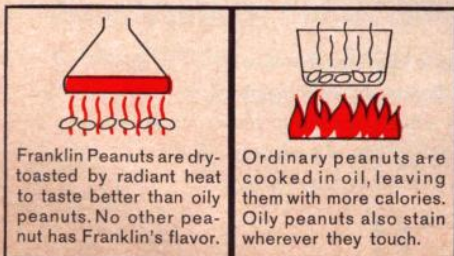
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LETTERS continued

sue . . . in a manner that does not insult respectable conservatives.

THE REV. TIMOTHY HOLLINGER
Pawnee City, Nebr.

. . . An ingenious mosaic of distortion and selection.

THE REV. EDWARD C. BOWLEN
Long Beach, Calif.

Radical leftists make rightists radical. It is difficult to visualize Christ as a political agitator.

GEOFFREY DAWES BAKER
La Plata, Md.

Obviously, the hard right is seeking a scapegoat for the problems of our time, much as Nero did with Christians and Hitler did with Jews. . . .

THE REV. HAL F. BRANSON
Nogales, Ariz.

. . . You're always doing this type of thing, opening things up so people can take a look at them. You must have confidence in people and their ability to do the right thing, once they have the facts before them. . . .

KENNETH A. ROADARMEL
General Secretary
New York State Council of Churches

. . . This is a very balanced piece, and Cassels did a surprisingly effective job of summarizing the vast amount of material. . . .

CHARLES P. TAFT
Cincinnati, Ohio

Power and Beauty

The Power of Words [LOOK, April 24] was one of the most poignant fusions of photography, prose and poetry I have seen. . . .

GARY J. TAYLOR
Blytheville, Ark.

[The article] created a great deal of interest in my freshman English class, and I have been impressed by the various . . . interpretations of the picture accompanying the excerpt from the Bible. I thought it would be

interesting to pass along some of their comments. . . . We wonder what is photographer Art Kane's translation?

"I believe your picture of the bird represents life and death very clearly. . . . The egg in the background represents the time to be born. The bird represents a time to die." JIM SIGG

"In this picture, I analyze the egg and bird to mean life and death. But when I read the words of the Bible, I received a different idea. I see happy times and sad times; life and death; work and play. In the lifetime of every living thing, happiness and sadness play daily, even hourly, roles."

MARY HELLER

"In my opinion, the picture means not to cry for what is lost—for new things come, things to take the place of what is lost." ELAYNE THOMAS

. . . I am grateful to you for your fine expression of the power of words and the excellent photography that translated the thoughts.

MRS. MIGNON SANDER
Fairview High School
Farmer, Ohio

Kane comments: "The interpretation that the bird represents death and the egg life is the most obvious one and is certainly correct. So, too, are the other interpretations. However, the bird can also represent life and the egg death, for in Ecclesiastes 3 we learn that nothing is final and that things exist only in relation to their opposites. The egg, aside from its implication of birth, signifies, by way of its continuous, unbroken contour, the cycle of life and death and all those other purposes under Heaven that exist by way of contradiction."—Ed.

END

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BUTCH



LOOK 6-5-62

"Of course I'll be all right, Grandma. Lots of people sleep without pajamas."

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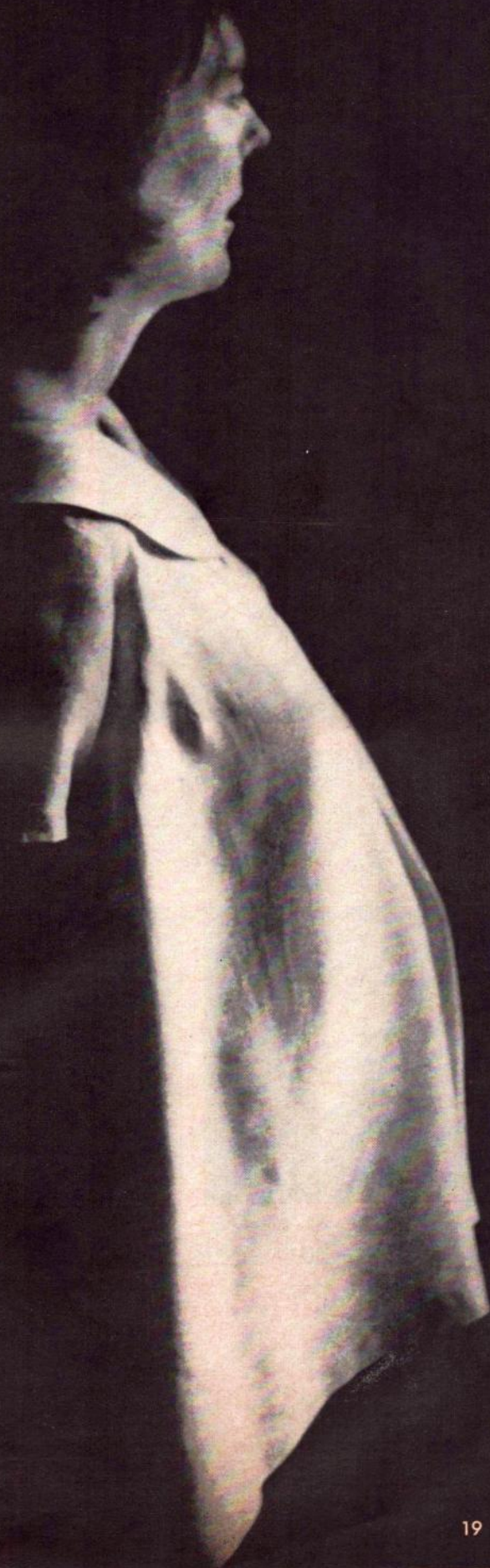
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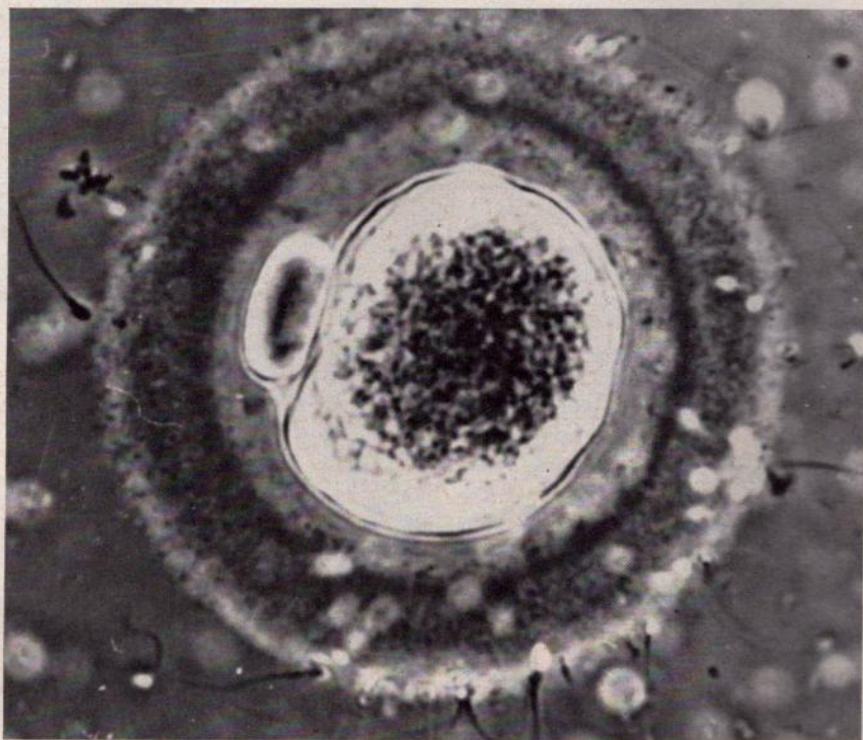
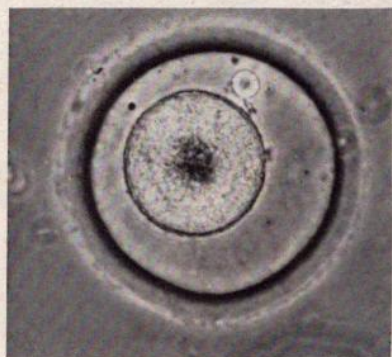
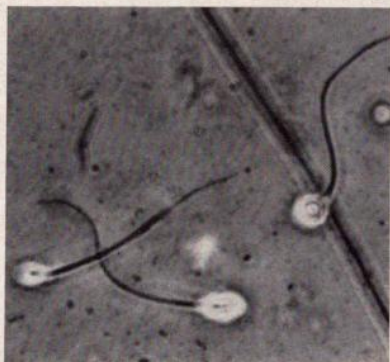
BABIES BEFORE BIRTH

Life begins with a single
cell not as large as this dot →
On the following pages, rare
photographs trace the
development of that cell into
a human being during
the first nine months of life.



Before I was born out of my mother generations guided me

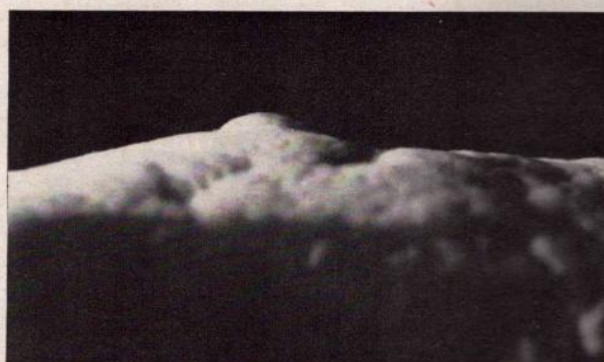
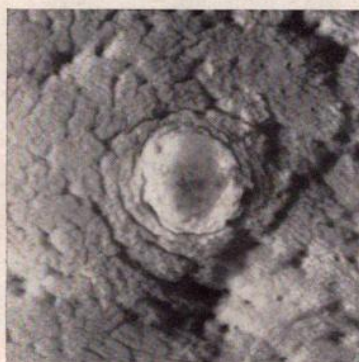
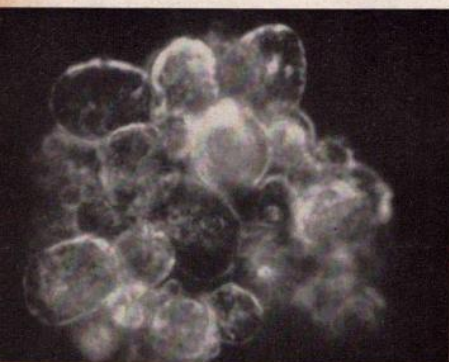
WALT WHITMAN



The first day...

THESE LABORATORY PHOTOGRAPHS record one of the most remarkable events in nature. At upper left are living male sperm, and at lower left is a living ovum or egg, recovered during an operation. The egg's center is pale yellow. Above, several of the tadpole-like, microscopic sperm ap-

proach the transparent covering of the ovum, which is about the size of the point of a very fine needle. A single sperm then moves toward the center of the egg to join with the nucleus. At this instant, a baby is conceived, and all of the inherited traits of a new human being are determined.



The first week...

On the third day, more than a dozen cells are formed in a cluster known as a *morula* or "mulberry" (left). Together, these cells are still about the size of the period at the end of this sentence. Some are larger than others, and these will become the embryo. The smaller ones will give rise to prenatal tissues to house and nourish the baby, and will be discarded at birth. All the cells are already distinctly human. They differ from those of other species in small details, about as much as two watches of different makes differ from one another. The cluster of cells floats free

until the end of the week, when it begins to nest, burrowing down into the nutrient-rich, spongy lining of the womb (center). There, it becomes firmly implanted as the maternal tissues grow to form a capsule over it, and the whole appears like the dome of a minute plateau (right). Within the walls of the embedded capsule, a spectacular metamorphosis will take place in the next month. The cluster of cells, increasing to many thousands and changing every hour, will be transformed into a distinctly human creature with a recognizable head and body, arms and legs.

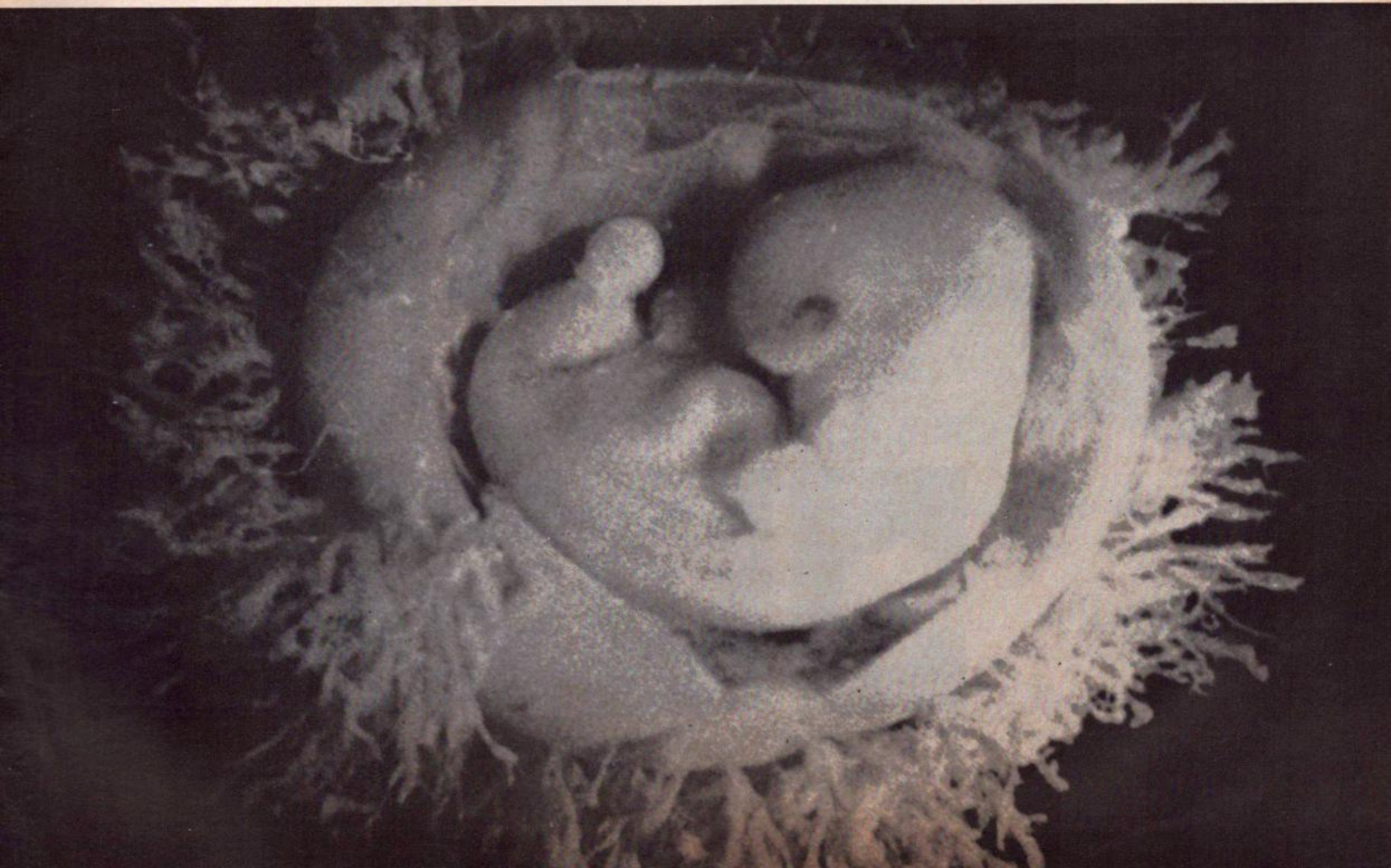
Produced by GERALDINE LUX FLANAGAN

The first month...

The tiny figure at the left is four weeks old. It is less than half an inch tall, but already has the basic structure for all the vital organs. It has the beginnings of brain, stomach, kidneys, liver and heart. The heart of a four-week-old embryo is already beating, about 60 times a minute. By the end of the month, the embryo completes the period of relatively greatest size increase and greatest physical change of a lifetime. The new body is 10,000 times heavier than the single cell from which it grew, but it is still very fragile. Nature provides for this: It is protected and gently supported in a fluid-filled bubble formed out of the smaller of the cells of the original cluster. This bubble is the early amnion, the familiar "bag of waters." It grows with the baby. The balloon shape over the embryo is a temporary sac, which serves no important function and will soon diminish in size.

The baby-to-be lies cradled (below) in a capsule fringed with roots. These serve like the roots of a plant, to anchor the capsule and to draw nourishment from the maternal tissues. The nourishment is channeled to the embryo through a primitive umbilical cord. The simple root system can fill the modest needs of the month-old embryo. But some of the roots will soon be incorporated into a special organ, the placenta or so-called "afterbirth," which is delivered after the birth of the baby. Through the placenta, enough food will flow to build a six- to eight-pound baby.

continued



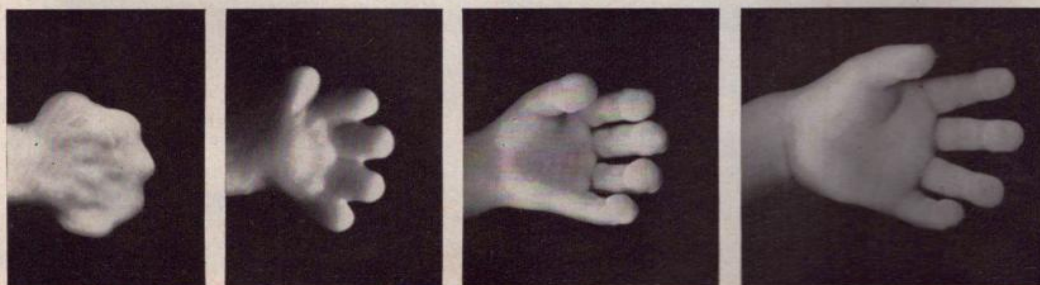


In his fluid-filled membrane, the baby above, about 44 days old, has a clearly defined umbilical cord.



The second month In its seventh week, the baby bears the features and all the internal organs of the future adult, even though he is less than an inch long and weighs only one thirtieth of an ounce. The arms are only as long as an exclamation mark !, but the fingers and thumbs are already formed. The slower-growing legs have

recognizable knees, ankles and toes. The brain now sends out some impulses to coordinate the functioning of the other organs, and the stomach produces some digestive juices. The premature two-month-old embryo above, which is shown about life-size, responded to a touch on the face by moving its arms and then turning its body slightly.



The fingers emerge from the hand "plate" (left) in the fifth week and are fully formed a month later.



The third month In the tenth week (first three pictures), the baby can extend his body and legs and can also close his hand in a loose fist. In the twelfth week (last three pictures), a baby, when touched on the mouth, responds with a half

smile, which is probably the beginning of the sucking reflex. He sometimes squints and frowns. In behavior and appearance, the baby is now an individual, but he still measures only about three inches from head to heel. He is so small that the mother does not yet feel his movements.

The fifth to sixth month

After a dramatic increase in size, the baby is about one foot long in the fifth month—more than half the length he will be at birth. The five-month-old at far right demonstrates his strong grip. In the sixth month, the baby, like the one in the three pictures at right, is quite strong. He turns somersaults in the womb. His mother now plainly feels his presence. He falls asleep and wakes up, much as a fully grown newborn does. In these months, the hair on his head begins to grow, also fingernails and toenails and buds for permanent teeth.



The seventh to ninth month

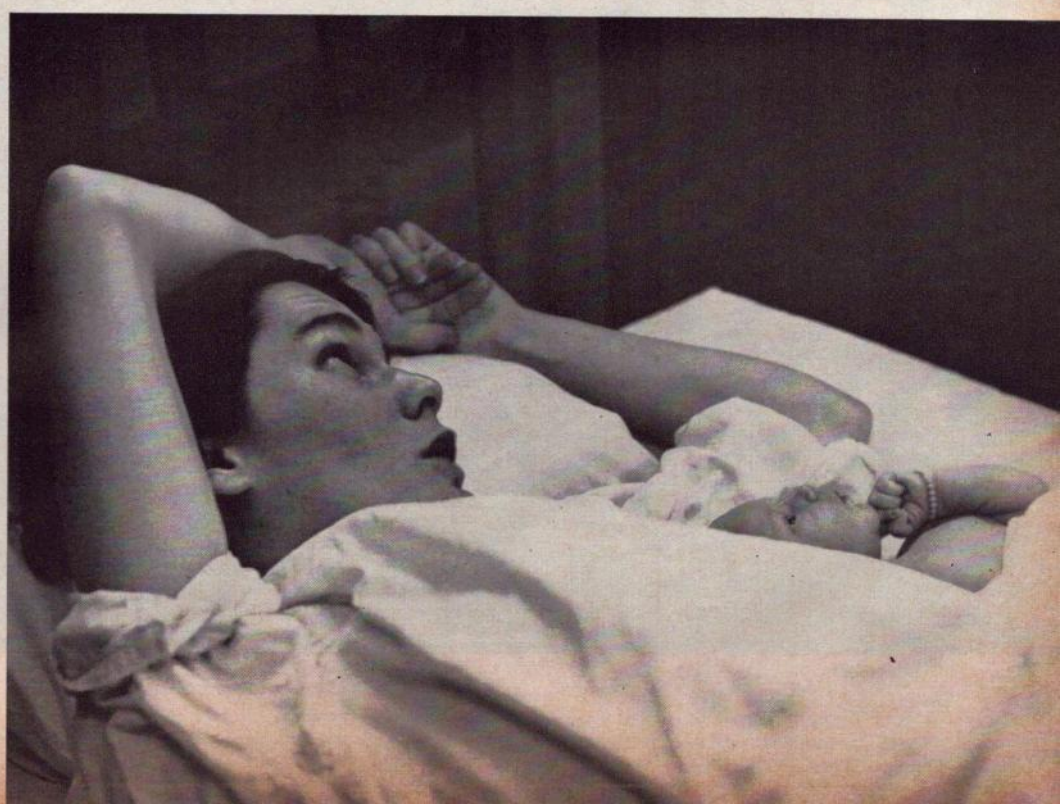
In these final months, the baby becomes increasingly able to survive if born prematurely. The seven-month baby at right, who was photographed immediately after birth, weighed only one pound three ounces. He clearly demonstrates the vigorous activity that is usually felt but not seen. He may now suck his thumb and occasionally hiccups. The baby who remains in the womb gains many extra benefits in the last three months. From his mother's bloodstream, he receives vital immunities to many diseases, which will give him some protection for the first six months after he is born. He also gains most of his birth weight, usually putting on more than five pounds and literally outgrowing his home in the womb.



the day of birth

About 270 days after the two parent cells were united, a mature baby is born. He may weigh less than six pounds, or as much as 10, depending in part on his inherited body design. One hour after birth, the unusually alert baby at right seems to be taking a calm and appraising look at her father, who is standing next to the bed.

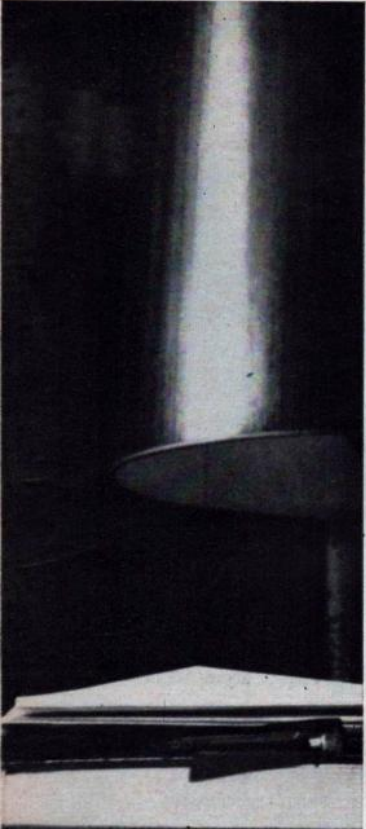
For a distinguished doctor's views on childbirth, turn the page





DOCTOR SPEAKS OUT ON WOMEN AND PREGNANCY

BY VIRGIL G. DAMON, M.D.
AND ISABELLA TAVES



"After knowing some 40,000 to 50,000 women, I can say that many were worthy of far more respect and admiration than the men they loved," Dr. Damon says after four decades of practice as an obstetrician and gynecologist.

AS A DOCTOR who has devoted over 40 years to the problems of women, I have learned perhaps as much about the female sex as any male is destined to know. I am still learning, because this is a subject on which no man will ever be fully informed. Each woman who comes to see me is an individual, with an individual problem. But all women have one thing in common: Their bodies are designed to bear children, and most of their joys and tragedies stem from that simple (and complicated) natural fact.

The American woman has been falsely maligned as spoiled, pampered, lazy and ambition-ridden. After knowing some 40,000 to 50,000 women, I can say honestly that there have been only a few I couldn't like. Many were worthy of far more respect and admiration than the men they loved.

I learned how to be a doctor from my father. For 44 years, he practiced medicine in the little town of Medina, Ohio. It may seem a far cry from a country doctor in Ohio to a specialist on the staff of New York's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, with private offices on the traditional Park Avenue. But in the medical profession, standards never change—just methods; and sometimes not even methods. Today, it is fashionable for women to have babies the same way they did in my father's time, only now it has a name—"natural childbirth."

Father never turned away a patient because he couldn't afford to pay, and never refused to go out on a sick call, no matter what the weather, the time of night, or how he felt himself. Even when he was dying, he went to see patients far less sick than he was. As invariably happens, some took advantage

of him. One Sunday morning, about 2 o'clock, there was a knock on our front door. Father answered, and a man begged him to come to see his wife, who was very ill. The man lived a considerable distance out in the country, but father hitched up the horse and buggy and drove out to the man's home. When they reached his yard, the man asked, "How much are you going to charge me, Doc?" My father said he had no idea until he examined the patient, but the man insisted: "How much do you usually charge for a trip this time of night?"

Father said, "Well, it was a long way, and at this hour, I usually charge five dollars, but if you feel that's too much—"

The man reached in his pocket and handed him a five-dollar bill. "No, Doc, that's fine. The livery stable was going to charge me ten dollars to drive me home, and I figured you'd do it cheaper. My wife isn't sick. I'm a traveling salesman, and the train got in late."

At a time when most other doctors carried their instruments loose in bags or coat pockets and inserted unsterile needles directly into veins, my father was germ-conscious and meticulous about cleanliness and boiling. Sixty years ago, he read a paper at a meeting in Chicago advocating medical examination before marriage. He so shocked his audience of doctors that he was booed and hissed.

My father had no X ray to guide him, yet he was so adroit and careful that he could take a man with two badly smashed legs and fix the splints and weights so that the legs healed evenly and the patient was able to walk without a limp. Long after

continued

“I have resisted the increasing substitution of Caesareans.”



Just before World War II, Dr. Damon owned a farm in downstate New York, where he had a horse and buggy similar to the one his country-doctor father used in Medina, Ohio.

At right is the late John F. Bush, Sr., the first executive vice-president of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center.

he had started his practice, he went back to Cleveland and took a special course in obstetrics.

In his day, some women kept on working after the membranes had ruptured, and got up and cooked dinner for the family a few hours after the birth. If the mother needed a whiff of chloroform, the husband administered it under Father's direction. As a boy, I stayed in the kitchen, rather than embarrass the patient, and put the family to boiling water, mostly to keep them occupied and out of Father's way.

Since my father's time, we have seen many major advances in medicine. We have antibiotics, blood banks, better asepsis and perfected anesthetics. We have better medical training and well-equipped hospitals. Yet I cannot help feeling that, somewhere along the line, we have lost what those old country doctors had: the indomitable spirit, the skill to overcome handicaps and the wisdom that comes only from long, personal trial and error.

Father never stopped learning, reading, studying. When I was in medical school, he waited eagerly for me to come home and tell him about anything new. In the last year of his life, at 66, he came to New York's Presbyterian Hospital and took a course in the treatment of diabetes, a disease from which he was suffering himself.

I have always shared my father's conviction that a doctor's life belongs to his patients. When I was young, I kept such outrageous working hours that other doctors would warn me I would not live to see 45. Although I have traveled considerably, both on pleasure and business, I have always been available 24 hours a day wherever I was, at the other end of the telephone. And this included even

my wedding day. My bride-to-be and I went down to Annapolis, Md., for the ceremony. The instant I arrived, I got a message to call New York. The husband of a patient had been trying to reach me to tell me she was in labor and wanted me to come and deliver her. I explained that this was my wedding day, my assistant was thoroughly competent and familiar with the case, and I was available by telephone whenever they wanted me.

WHEREVER I went that day, I would be greeted with a message that I was wanted on long-distance. Sometimes, it would be my assistant, saying, "They don't have any faith in me." Other times, it would be the husband, pleading, "Please, Dr. Damon, she's having a terrible time. You've got to come to save her life."

I tried to calm the husband and to tell him how competent my assistant was. And to my assistant, I would say, "You won't have any trouble if you just give them confidence in you. This is one time I absolutely can't come. I'm getting married."

Finally, when I could see that neither my assistant nor the patient's husband was satisfied, I asked them to call in one of the well-known older obstetricians in New York. Just before the ceremony, I was summoned to the telephone again, and the older doctor said, "I've seen your patient. She will keep and she doesn't want anybody except you. It's going to be a bit tricky, and I think she would feel better if I could tell her that you are taking the train and will get to the hospital tonight."

There was nothing I could do but say yes—and make my explanations to my wife after the

ceremony. The wedding celebration went on without us. We took a train to New York. I went up to the hospital, and a friend took my wife to a hotel.

At the hospital, the patient was still in labor, and her worried husband was almost as exhausted as she was. She felt a little better when she saw me, and tried to make a joke about my wedding night, but neither of us laughed. The baby was in a difficult position, what we call a brow presentation, with the length of the face coming first, instead of the top of the head, as in the usual position. My assistant had tried to turn the baby, without success. I tried the same thing. The instant I got the child into the proper presentation, it would go back. A stubborn brow presentation is rare, occurring only once in every two thousand labors. Today, I would do a Caesarean immediately in such a case. But this was in 1934, when Caesareans were considered risky, if not a last resort.

It was a long, hard night. It was daylight before I could do a forceps delivery of a very large baby. And it was ten o'clock before I got back to the hotel, an unshaven, exhausted and unprepossessing bridegroom.

But I've never regretted spending my wedding night that way. The patient was not able to have another child, and if anything had gone wrong—as could have happened in those days, with a very large baby in brow position—I don't think I ever could have forgiven myself.

During my years of practice, I have tried to be as receptive to medical changes, as my father was. But I have resisted one trend of recent years—the increasing substitution of Caesarean section for normal delivery.

When I first began to practice, one of my old chiefs used to say, "Caesarean sections are for unskilled obstetricians who can't manage vaginal delivery." But another great man, Dr. Arthur Bill of Cleveland, would put his patients to sleep routinely and deliver them by forceps or version and breech extraction, or, if these were impractical, he would do a Caesarean section. I visited Dr. Bill and was enormously impressed, not alone by the man, but also by the absolute silence on his obstetrical floor. This was a striking contrast to the noise that was usually heard on obstetrical floors at that time, when patients in labor were placed four to a room; when one started screaming and sobbing, they all joined in.

SINCE those early days, the establishment of blood banks and the development of antibiotics have made Caesareans much safer, and this has brought about a drastic change in the attitude of many obstetricians. The Caesarean offers many advantages. In case of a difficult delivery, both mother and child are spared injury. In cases where the pelvis is very narrow or contorted, Caesareans have kept patients from suffering hours of agony.

If a patient comes to a doctor after a previous Caesarean, he usually will choose to deliver her that way again, whether or not he feels it was necessary in the first place, because the old scar may rupture in vaginal delivery. There are various other situations where a doctor may consider a Caesarean necessary, as in the case of a woman over 40 who is having her first baby. Muscles of older women that have never before been stretched in pregnancy tend to be unelastic, and this could make for prolonged and exhausting labor. And in the presence of certain other medical problems, such as heart disease in the mother, Caesarean section has saved lives.

Yet it is my opinion—and here I am afraid I differ with many of my colleagues—that a Caesarean section is not just as good as or better than vaginal delivery in every case. I think it shouldn't be performed unless the doctor believes there is a medical reason why it is better not to try to deliver the baby normally.

I have seen too many premature babies die inexplicably after Caesarean section. Recently, a colleague of mine delivered a six-pound baby by Caesarean section just one week before the normal nine-month term. It lived only two days. No one could fault him for his decision. But my observation is that, all other things being equal, a baby has a better chance to survive if delivered normally. I don't know why; I wish I did. I do know that we usually find what we call a hyaline membrane, a waxlike coating, in the lungs of these babies who die inexplicably; this membrane prevents the baby from getting enough oxygen to live. Whether it is the cause of death or merely one of the symptoms, I don't know. In addition, I wonder if the backward suction of the uterus at the time of Caesarean section is responsible for taking away blood the baby needs in order to live. I grant you this is pure theory; very few doctors agree with me, and I don't expect them to. To me, it merely means that Caesarean section should not be substituted for vaginal delivery without reason.

There are still many unexplored mysteries connected with birth. We still don't understand why women—or animals, for that matter—go into spontaneous labor. Why labor begins when a fetus weighs about 12 grams at the end of 21 days (as in the mouse) or 200 pounds at the end of 640 days (as in an elephant), we have no idea. Nor do

we know why some women go into spontaneous labor consistently early, while others are consistently over term (270 days). A baby is considered premature if it weighs from 1,500 grams (around three pounds) to 2,500 grams (around five pounds). Yet I have seen two- and two-and-a-half-pound babies thrive, and six-pound babies so immature that they required oxygen tents. I believe some women simply produce babies who take longer to mature than others.

There is an old wives' tale that babies born at seven months have a better chance than those born a month later. This is based on the old theory that the impetus of birth comes from the embryo, which tries to "break out" when the mother cannot provide it with enough nourishment. The superstition was that premature infants first tried this at seven months and that the ones who were born at eight months were already exhausted from the prolonged effort to push their way out and too weak to survive. Today, we know the fetus is entirely passive in the birth process, and the impetus comes from contractions of the uterus. But we still have no sure knowledge of what causes the contractions.

In my early practice, I was an assistant to Dr. Ralph Waldo Lobenstine, a great obstetrician of that time. He believed in making his patients walk throughout labor, even getting them off the delivery table. I handled home deliveries for him and, following his instructions, used to have patients walking around until the cervix, the mouth of the uterus, was fully dilated. The upright position makes for shorter labor and a quicker delivery. When pains come, the patient can stoop over to ease them. And I think it is far better for the expectant mother's mental attitude than being treated like an invalid.

In my early practice when home deliveries were more common—either because the patient couldn't afford hospitalization or was rich enough to have an elaborate delivery room set up in her own home, it was practical for women to be active during labor. Once I went to a Fifth Avenue mansion to deliver a baby who was to become the heir to the family fortune. I found the grandmother-to-be had set out all the huge array of family silver and was having her daughter-in-law, the patient, polish it while standing up.

EVEN I would feel like a fool if my patients were parading around the hospital halls, and I am certain few patients would do it. Yet I am convinced that the walking would make for less tension and shorter labor. It is my opinion that after the membranes rupture, there is less danger of prolapse of the cord if the patient is on her feet. It is the common practice to put a patient to bed as soon as the membranes rupture, but if the patient is on her feet, the baby's head falls into the pelvis before the prolapse of the cord. Years ago, general practitioners like my father discovered this.

About half of my patients start out wanting natural childbirth. That is all right with me. Children were born that way for many centuries before we had anesthetics. And I refuse to get into the controversies about psychological damage.

Natural-childbirth patients attend classes regularly to learn about the process of birth and are presumably relaxed when the time comes. But it doesn't always work this way.

None of us knows what pain means to anyone else, which is why we talk glibly about thresholds of pain. Some people have more courage than

others and can ignore suffering. Some people literally hate and fear drugs and anesthesia. They want to remain in control and don't want drugs to blank out what is happening to them. Nor are those thresholds of pain all mental. There is a difference in actual tissues; occasionally, I touch the cervix, where there isn't supposed to be much feeling, and the patient reacts immediately.

The attitude of the woman toward what is happening is of great importance. If she has faith in her doctor, and if she wants the baby, she can accept the fact that each pain brings her closer to her goal. I don't think it is noble to suffer unnecessary pain, yet natural childbirth is not as bad as some people pretend. You wouldn't find patients having the second child that way—or third or fourth—if it was.

About 40 per cent of women change their minds and ask to be put to sleep. This doesn't bother me; if a patient is that tense and worried, she and I and the baby are better off if she is asleep. Sometimes, natural childbirth really wasn't her idea in the first place. She let friends talk her into it. And sometimes, she just isn't able to take the suffering; slight early pains start her screaming for sedation. I always have it available and never worry about the effect of modern anesthesia on a baby.

I'm not a psychiatrist. When a patient is deeply disturbed, I send her to someone trained to deal with mental problems. Yet part of the art of medicine is getting to know the patient's attitude toward having a baby, and doing what you can to help her if she is worried or rebellious. Generally, if a patient had a happy childhood and received affection from her parents, she looks forward to the baby and expects to give it the same kind of happiness. She has a sense of satisfaction that she is creating a child. This is deepened if her relations with her husband are good, if she feels her marriage is secure and if there are no pressing health or financial problems. She welcomes labor and is not impatient about the accompanying discomfort.

EVERY parent-to-be worries about the possibility of abnormality, even though the percentage of abnormal children born is so small that the chances are one in two hundred that the infant will have even the slightest blemish. Certain virus diseases, if particularly severe, may have some effect on the infant, although these are more likely to cause miscarriage than abnormality. German measles isn't a nice disease to have during the first three months. The old idea was that, if the mother had them, the baby would be born either with cataracts or blind, or abnormal. Today, we urge a pregnant patient to try to avoid exposure, and we have medication she can take, if she is exposed, that is supposed to lighten the disease, but we know that the effects have been greatly exaggerated. Speaking for myself, never in my practice have I delivered a blind or abnormal baby whose handicap was a result of German measles in the mother.

We still don't know what causes mongoloid babies. There is a theory that they are the result of some abnormality in the egg cell or sperm, and we do know they occur most often in older women. Yet this is by no means a rule, and sometimes a woman has one or more normal children after a mongoloid baby. There is no way in the world a doctor can detect a mongoloid baby before it is born; even at birth, it may be difficult, because such babies are often very lovely.

In cases of great abnormality, however, we
continued

Sometimes a woman asks that her husband be present in the delivery room because she wants to "punish" him



In 1926, Dr. Virgil Damon was chief resident at Sloane Hospital for Women, now part of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center.

usually have some hint in advance, generally the presence of an enormous amount of fluid. An X ray will either confirm our fears or prove they are groundless. The patient must go through with labor for her own safety, so it is not wise to warn her in advance and upset her. But I tell someone in the family, usually her husband, and recommend that the mother never see the child. These grossly abnormal children die very soon. The mongoloid babies live longer, but I recommend that they, too, be separated from the mothers. It is the best solution in the long run for everyone, hard as it seems at the time.

IN the hours before the birth of the baby, we used to tuck the husbands away in the fathers' room to sit and smoke and sweat it out. Now, if a man wishes, he can come into the labor room with his wife and hold her hand. I have mixed feelings about this. If the husband has attended natural-childbirth classes with her, he knows what is going on and can be a calming influence. But the worry-wart husbands drive doctors and nurses and even patients crazy.

I suspect that a certain percentage of the wives who demand the company of their husbands simply want them to know what they've been through. And occasionally, if a woman is having a baby she really doesn't want, she wants to punish her husband, to make him suffer.

From both a medical and practical point of view, I believe that babies should be spaced about two years apart. When a parent is in her peak fertility years, some use of contraceptives is usually required to achieve this spacing. The most widely used and satisfactory form of contraception is the rubber diaphragm, which is fitted to the patient by her doctor. This is the method I recommend, together with some kind of acid jelly.

There has been much discussion in recent years about contraceptive pills, and the two manufacturers who make them have done very well indeed. I feel that they are expensive. The cost may come down, but I am not at all sure the pills will live up to their early ballyhoo. Women might eventually develop resistance to them, just as patients have to other medications.

These pills are synthetic hormones. The patient takes one a day from the end of one menstrual period until the day the next one is supposed to start. This stops ovulation. But the daily taking of pills can become a nuisance, and I've known women to get mixed up and stop at the wrong time—just when ovulation begins.

Although the pills generally cause no side effects, nothing is perfect, especially in medicine.

And I know it is not a good thing to take any hormones over a long period.

For religious reasons, or simply because of personal tastes, some women use the rhythm method of birth control. This amounts to limiting intercourse to the so-called "safe" periods when a woman is not ovulating. Some have found this method very successful, while others have been disappointed. It may be simply a question of fertility in general.

With all the discussion about sex and fertility that goes on in an obstetrician's office, it is still the most sexless place in the world. True, I once found a patient chasing my young assistant around his desk, but she had gone through the menopause some years before, and he was just out of medical school; so I thought he could out-distance her.

I have a rule that a nurse can come into my office or examination room at any time without knocking, and a nurse is always present when I examine a patient. Some obstetricians don't do this, on the theory that no woman wants another woman to know what is wrong with her. There is something to be said on both sides of the question. I handle the situation this way: When the examination is over, I have the nurse precede the patient out of the door, in case the patient wants to ask me a confidential question, or indicates that she needs to see me alone in my office for a talk about things she hesitated to mention in front of the nurse. There are times when a patient has to tell a doctor about her private worries. On these occasions, a doctor must not allow himself to be pushed by the schedule, or by an impatient nurse or secretary who wants to keep him on it. I like to keep on schedule as much as anybody else, but there are occasions when a few minutes spent alone with a patient, letting her talk out her problems, will save her days of anguish.

THE term "bedside manner" used to have a connotation of phony socializing. Many young doctors are afraid to be friendly, afraid of being called a hand holder. When I started out, I was too shy to get to know patients. As I grow older, I find that I am much warmer toward patients than I used to be, less afraid of having colleagues criticize me for lack of dignity. Of course, there are times when a doctor can't find words of comfort, or the patient is too ill to hear them if he could. These are the occasions when simply holding the patient's hand lets her know that she isn't forgotten or deserted. Even an unconscious patient seems to know and to relax.

The obstetrician and his patient have an even

closer relation than the average doctor and patient; during the nine months of pregnancy, only the doctor is as fascinated by what is happening to her as she is. She tells a doctor things she couldn't confess to her husband, and if the obstetrician is married, as most of us are, there are times when he is obliged to lie to his wife if she asks questions about patients. When an obstetrician's wife moves in the same social circles as his patients, there is always danger that if he lets anything slip, she may quite innocently repeat it at her bridge club—and the results can be unbelievably malicious.

Each patient is different and wants to be treated differently, so the conscientious doctor must try to adjust his ways to hers. It isn't always easy, and sometimes it is exasperating. Yet time spent trying to see a patient's point of view, rather than scolding her, brings wonderful rewards. Some pregnant women want to know exactly what is happening to them. They want to read medical books. On the whole, I discourage this, because they cover too many aspects of rarely encountered difficulties, and pregnant women are just as suggestible as anybody else. However, there are several excellent books on pregnancy written by doctors for expectant mothers, especially directed at the young woman having her first baby, which I recommend.

IHAVE seen deep apprehension in some women because they don't want their expected babies. They fear they will be punished for their feelings.

Occasionally, that happens when a woman is having an illegitimate baby or an unplanned child who will become an unwelcome economic burden. Once in a while, I find a young woman who resents the coming baby because of the changes it will cause in her life. She may rebel at quitting a job she likes, or she may reject the anticipated child because she thinks it will tie her to her husband, who has begun to bore her. She may have started the baby in the hope (always vain) that it will reform her husband or keep him from gambling or drinking.

Lack of interest in having children, even deep rebellion, occurs sometimes in women who resent their mothers deeply—so deeply that they feel utterly incapable of dealing with a child. Sometimes, such women have an abnormally deep affection for their fathers, and want to remain babies all their lives, instead of having children of their own. Sometimes, they resent the pressure from their husbands, who want heirs, want to keep their wives busy or simply want proof of fertility.

Other women are sentimental about everything connected with birth. Each movement of the baby is a joy, and they detain a tired doctor in the middle of a hectic day to rhapsodize. Still others hate the whole process, consider it messy and revolting and want to be knocked out when the baby is born. They hate the way they look and feel and, when the child moves, they complain bitterly about it and wish "the little devil would keep still." They shake their heads when I try to explain that the curves of pregnancy are beautiful. They don't want to know anything about the processes of having a baby and wouldn't dream of going to natural-childbirth classes. They don't want to talk about pregnancy, even to me.

After the baby arrives, it is a different matter. I've yet to see a woman who isn't instinctively maternal, and some of the nonchalant girls are better mothers than the ones who ooze sentiment. You can't set down rules. Even after delivering some 9,000 babies, I can still be surprised by patients.

continued

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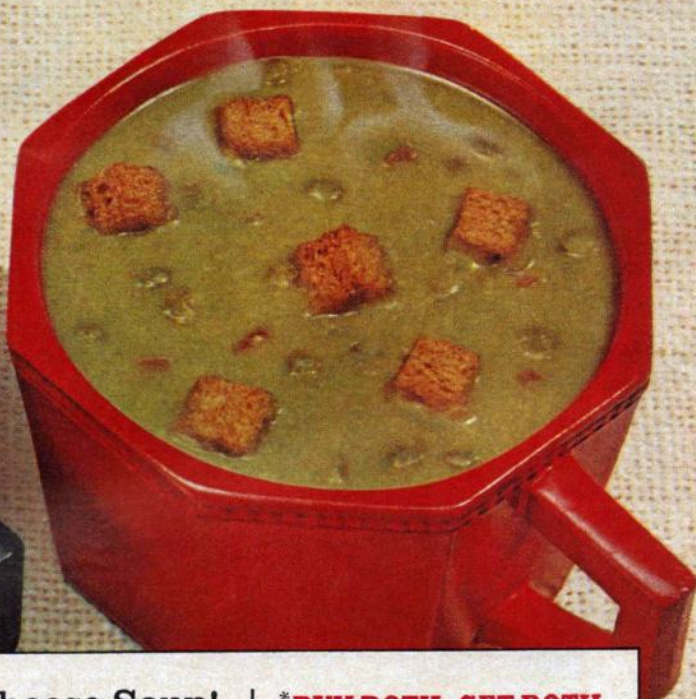
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He doubts the value of "group practice" in obstetrics



"Father never turned away a patient because he couldn't afford to pay," the author says of his father, Dr. George J. Damon, above with Mrs. Damon.

But I think I can generalize that every woman who is about to have a baby is frightened, whether it is her first or fifth. The fear can be associated with the unknown, with a previous bad experience, with a bad experience of a friend, with horror stories she has heard from relatives or so-called friends, or even with the superstition that she has been lucky so far and perhaps this time everything is going to turn out badly.

I think sometimes we doctors forget how important just being there is at this time. I don't stay with a patient all the time during labor, but I am always nearby, and I frequently stop in to check progress. I've heard women screaming with pain before I went in. All I've had to do is say a few words to them calmly, and they settle down and have the baby. Fear makes muscles tense, so that the pain is worse and normal delivery is impeded.

A FEW years ago, I was home ill with a nasty bout of influenza, when the husband of a patient called to tell me she was in labor. I had previously had my assistant explain to her that I would not be able to deliver the baby, but that he would be in touch with me by telephone. I had personally assured her that he would take excellent care of her and that I had every respect for his skill. She and her husband seemed perfectly satisfied until the crucial moment arrived.

All through the night, I got reports on her. Although she had gone to the hospital around midnight, labor had not progressed at 2 a.m., or at 5 a.m., or even by 9 a.m. Seven years earlier, I had delivered her first child. She and her husband had later moved to Texas and had a second baby, born dead. I do not know the details, because she never wanted to tell me them. All I do know was that she and her husband separated shortly after that, and she had married again. This was her second husband's first child, and he was naturally very worried. At 9 a.m., I decided I had better get out of bed and go up to the hospital.

I got there shortly before noon. My assistant told me she was still in the same condition as she had been at midnight, with only about a finger-and-a-half dilation of the cervix. I went in and talked to her for a few minutes about nothing in particular; I can't remember anything I said. She started contractions while I was chatting, and had the baby an hour afterwards. Later, she said to me, "I must have been holding back, afraid to have the baby for fear something might go wrong. The minute I saw you, I felt everything was all right."

It is hard to explain why this could happen, even to other doctors. But it is not enough that a doctor has skills, or is brilliantly knowledgeable, or has a sixth sense about diagnosis. He must like people and appreciate their liking him in return.

When I was new in practice, one of the most brilliant and talented medical students we had was graduated and went into his father-in-law's office. A friend of mine, a professor, tried to guide him

into research, which seemed wrong to the rest of us. After a few months, we found out what the professor meant. Dr. Y. just didn't like people. He resented their taking up his time with complaints he considered to be trivial. Instead of keeping quiet and letting patients talk, he was abrupt, inconsiderate and impatient. Worst of all, he had so little interest in his patients as people that he seldom recognized one of them until he had thumbed through her chart to refresh his memory. While he was searching for the chart, he would often ask one of his regular patients blankly, "Is this your first visit?"

He was a great deal happier, and so was his father-in-law, when he went into research. What bothers me today is that the most promising young graduates are choosing research for the wrong reasons, not because they are not suited to private practice, but because the hours are easier and the pay is good.

I grant you, there is no harder work in the world than the practice of obstetrics. It always has seemed to me that most labor starts at night, when the patient is relaxed, although statistically this isn't true. However, it happens often enough, and getting up in the middle of the night is no easier for an obstetrician than it is for anybody else. The problems that arise in delivery can be among the most difficult in medicine. You have two patients to worry about instead of one. Yet it is all infinitely rich and rewarding—if you like people.

Many young obstetricians today have formed groups of four or five, and the patient may see any one of them when she makes her office calls. Whoever happens to be "on duty" when she goes into labor delivers her child. From a doctor's point of view, this is a good idea. It lets him lead a far more regular life, because only on the times he is listed as "on duty" does he have to make deliveries. He and his wife can plan social events, go on vacations and trips without having to keep in touch by long-distance telephone. The strain of having a patient depend only on him is eliminated. And the groups of doctors say they can pass the benefits on to patients by charging less than obstetricians who are in practice alone.

I don't, however, see how they can get the same results. I have been an assistant to many obstetricians, and I have had assistants myself, but invariably the patient finds it difficult to accept the assistant, particularly at the time of delivery. When I was starting in practice, I used to assist several of the great obstetricians of the day. I did most of the actual deliveries, with the older men standing by in case I faltered—and I faltered rarely, because I had done so many ward deliveries. Yet I received \$25, \$35, sometimes \$50, while they got huge fees, sometimes in four figures. I couldn't feel any resentment, because a large share of my success lay in the fact that the patient had faith in the doctor's great reputation and the fact that he was there looking after her.

I can't believe it is in a patient's best interests to share her pregnancy with four doctors, perhaps grow closer to one than the rest and then suddenly have another doctor there when the baby is being born. Nor do I believe that a doctor is doing himself a service when he considers his own comfort ahead of his patient's welfare.

A young woman doctor recently spoke out at a medical meeting against what she called the old-fashioned horse-and- buggy practice of house calls. She described them as inefficient, time-consuming and uneconomical. All of what she says is true. No doctor likes making house calls today, especially in big cities, where distances are great. You never can find a place to park your car, and the call on the sick patient invariably entangles you in the time-consuming process of refusing hospitality from the family without being rude. What might have been taken care of in an office in 15 minutes often stretches to two or three hours on a house call.

No doctor can charge enough to make such calls pay. But I still think they are worthwhile. I grant you that there are selfish people who use a doctor, who have him come to them when they aren't really very sick and could just as well have come into the office. But you can't make hard and fast rules when you are dealing with suffering human beings. There is a place for healing through compassion; the old "laying on of hands" still holds true.

Most patients today want to go to the hospital and be happy to meet the doctor there. But there are some circumstances where a patient is better off at home, and there are patients taking up hospital beds that should be used by the really ill. When, particularly in the case of an obstetrician, you are familiar with the situation, you can advise the patient by telephone on procedure. I grant you, most of the house calls that are made aren't really necessary, and the patients on whom they are made are often our most demanding and difficult. However, you cannot make up your mind whether the call is necessary or not unless you know the situation well or see the patient.

SOMETIMES I wish I could eliminate the ones who give me what seems like nothing but trouble, and then I realize that perhaps these are the very patients who need sympathy the worst. I think the most important rule a doctor should observe is: "Always consider the patient above everything else." And a sense of humor also helps. One of my professors used to tell his students: "There are a million laughs in pregnancy, and don't be surprised if some of them are on the doctor." I was glad to keep this in mind one very busy day, when I was seeing a patient who was being released from the hospital after having her first baby. I had called and told the nurse I wanted to give her a pelvic check and that I would be right up.

The nurse had her waiting, draped and in position. On the way into the room, I happened to see a Vassar alumnae magazine on her bed table, so I said, casually, during the examination, "I see you went to Vassar."

She piped up, "Oh, Doctor, can you tell that, too?"

In the next issue, Dr. Damon speaks candidly about fee splitting, mercenary doctors and knife-happy surgeons.

An editor reports on Europe and Russia

A talk with Khrushchev brings this conviction:

CHANGE is the big world story now

BY GARDNER COWLES

EDITOR AND PRESIDENT OF LOOK

GREAT CHANGES usually come slowly. There is, generally, no one moment to which you can point and say, "This was the great milestone." Yet, as I walked into the 40-foot-long, airy office of Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev last month, the same half-paneled, vaulted room just inside the Kremlin's walls where I met Joseph Stalin twenty years before, I was struck by the enormity of the changes—specific, identifiable changes—which have refashioned our lives in the past two decades and which are remodeling them anew today.

It is in Moscow, more than in any other city on the globe, that an American appreciates fully his own contributions to the flow of modern history. For it is in the Soviet Union, in the land of the "great upheaval," that an American becomes aware of his revolutionary role and of the *permanent revolution* of the West.

My lengthy interview with Khrushchev reinforced this conviction. Yes, he considers himself a revolutionary, and he believes fervently that logic, time and history are all on the side of the Communists. Capitalism, he said again and again, had outlived its historic usefulness; now it was moribund, ready to be replaced by his more advanced system.

Yet it was plainly evident that the everyday problems with which he is confronted—how to grow enough food, how to create an efficient distribution system, how to instill incentives, how to answer the growing desires, spiritual as well as material, of his people—weigh heavily on him. Even he, I think, is aware of, and perhaps slightly perplexed



Europe's industrial gains (red bars) over 1953 levels (white bars) are dazzling. When Britain, Norway and Denmark join the Common Market, it will be the world's biggest trade bloc.

by, that greater feeling of excitement and of change that marks Western society today.

Despite his reputation for realism and for the practical, I doubt that Khrushchev is conscious of the import of the five great recent changes which will radically alter all our lives and with which we Americans have had so much to do:

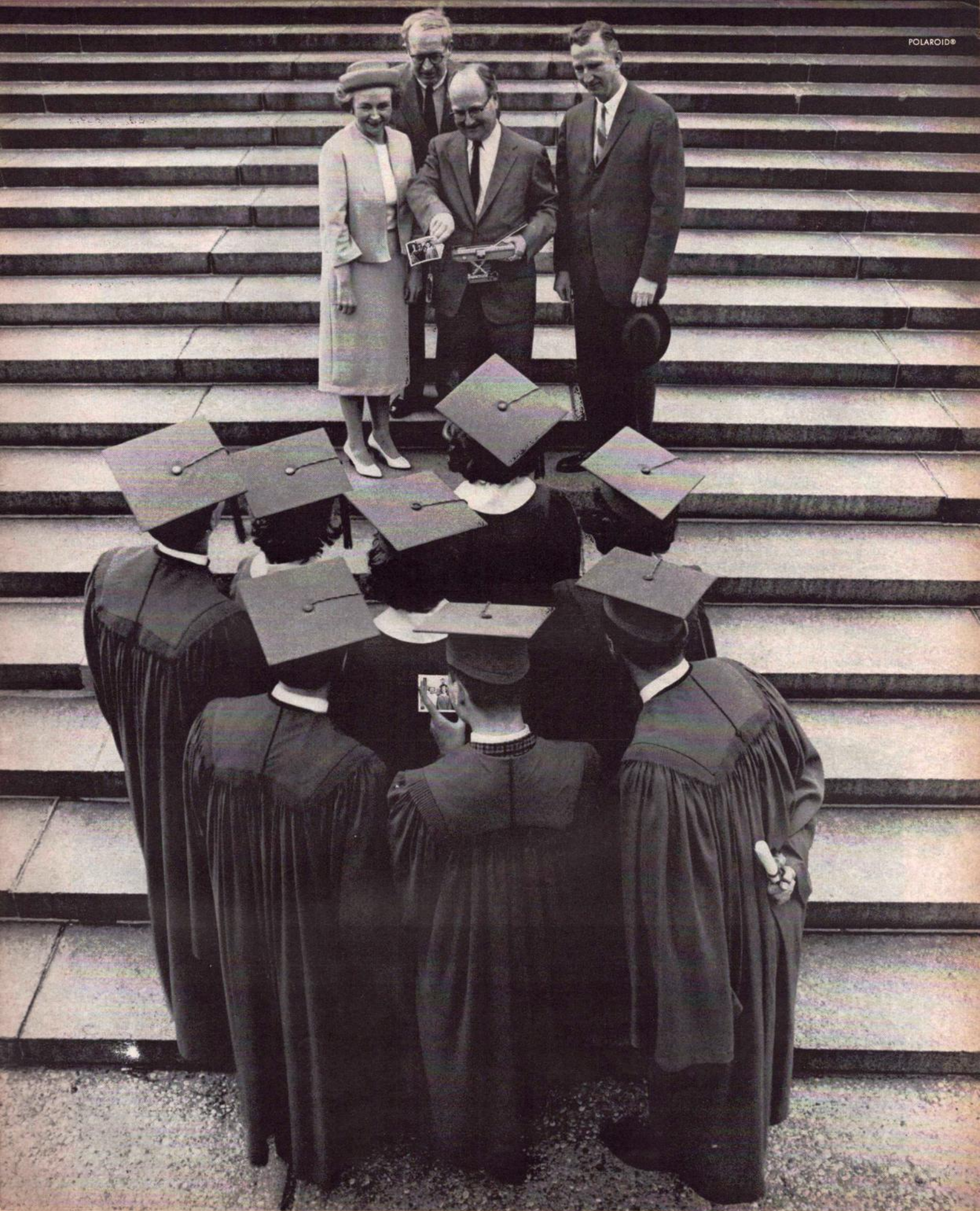
1. The unification of Western Europe has now passed the point of no return. Britain, and then Denmark, Norway and Ireland, will soon join the thriving Common Market, thus creating the largest, most dynamic, economic community in the world.

2. The era of colonialism has ended. The peace in Algeria arranged by President Charles de Gaulle has rid the West of its most troublesome burden in Africa and in the uncommitted world. Britain will soon sever its remaining hold on African colonies. A major source of friction between Western nations and between them and the new countries will thus be removed.

3. The great schism between Red China and the Soviet Union has permanently cracked the monolithic unity of world communism. However Moscow and Peiping may strive to paper over their differences, the struggle between these two giants of communism will continue underground, dividing their followers everywhere and diminishing the attractions of their ideology.

4. The United States and the Soviet Union are now each aware they have the power to incinerate the world. The Russians know the Americans lead in atomic weaponry; they know that the arms race is consuming money and talent at a fantastic rate; they know that they cannot risk war, and they dare not risk real peace. Both sides

continued



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Youth is coming into its own in the Soviet Union

recognize there is no alternative but to find some kind of tolerable understanding with each other.

5. The United States has set into motion the long, complex train of events which will lead to the creation of a genuine free-world community, encompassing Western Europe, Japan, North and South America. At first, this will mean only better cooperation in economic and financial matters, primarily between us and Western Europe. But it will grow into a great Atlantic Community with a powerful magnetic attraction not only for new nations, but even for those of Communist Europe.

There are few, either in the West or East, who can comprehend the magnitude of these five great changes-in-the-making; there are still fewer who can predict just how they will affect each of us. But just twenty years ago, when I went with the late Wendell Willkie to meet Stalin in that third-floor room that serves as the command post of Russia's rulers, there was no one rash enough to imagine the major realities of the next two decades.

Stalin then thought only of survival. Hitler's armies had swept across the Russian plains and all of Europe. Even the diplomatic corps had evacuated Moscow. As the dictator led me to a parapet overlooking the Kremlin walls, I could see the flashes of German guns on the horizon. The Nazis were that close to Moscow. All he wanted to know was when the West would open its second front in Europe and when more U.S. aid would arrive.

Change comes so swiftly that events often overtake the men who set them in motion. Hitler learned that lesson. Stalin's followers have learned it. Khrushchev may now be on the point of learning it.

It is a mistake to think that, because both men called themselves Communists, Khrushchev and Stalin are really at heart alike. Stalin was cynical, cruel and secretive. He distrusted all men, even his closest associates; he enclosed the Soviet Union behind an Iron Curtain; and he imposed a terror that was complete. Secondly, for all his craftiness, he was ignorant. He had never ventured outside the Soviet Union. He had, as Khrushchev reminded me, only the most primitive knowledge of modern agriculture and of the technological

revolution in the Western world. He was obsessed with "steel," the name he had adopted as his own.

Khrushchev, on the other hand, is an extrovert, an optimist and, as he likes to say, a realist. No less a Communist, no less mistrustful of the West, no less ready to be ruthless in a crisis, he was shrewd enough to realize very quickly after Stalin's death that Russia was doomed to be a backward land mired in the 19th century if it perpetuated Stalinism. How could communism, he asked, promote itself as the wave of the future, if it were so rooted in the past?

He therefore set himself a new goal. In addition to the Moscow aim of establishing a Communist world hegemony, he decided that communism must prove in *his lifetime* that it can provide prosperity in the USSR. To attain this new objective, he had to modernize Soviet society. Instead of mass terrorism, he had to introduce something akin to normality. Instead of frightening people into working, he had to offer incentives. Thus, the Iron Curtain was opened to some of the winds of the 20th century.

Still a dictatorship, the Soviet Union is far different today than I found it six years ago on my last visit. Naked terror is gone; authority has been greatly decentralized; quality is replacing quantity as the official norm; skill is starting to count for more than bureaucratic burbling. In particular, youth is coming into its own. Once Khrushchev set the example by his many excursions abroad, young Russians also wanted to journey. Once Khrushchev started to undermine Stalinist precepts, they, too, began to seek answers to questions such as "what is truth?"

Nowadays in the big Russian cities, simple Western fashions are quickly copied. The thirst for knowledge of the West, especially of the U.S., is apparently unquenchable. Specialists well versed in Western know-how move into affluent positions faster. In this less-tense atmosphere, the infectious tinkle of laughter is heard more frequently. And despite the years of incessant anti-American propaganda, there is an overpowering will among the Russians for friendship with Americans.

In a strange, tentative way, a kind of public opinion is beginning
continued



Cowles, right, and an assistant, Edward Korry, spent two hours and 50 minutes with Khrushchev in the Premier's office inside the Kremlin.

President Kennedy, whom Premier Khrushchev described to Cowles as having "made a favorable impression," was one of the first to ask LOOK for the text of the memorable interview. The President and many other world leaders were particularly interested in Khrushchev's disclosure that he now preferred to delay a Summit meeting until diplomats had

worked out agreements. Cowles thinks that American determination in Berlin and elsewhere, combined with the internal strains on Soviet resources resulting from agricultural setbacks, has persuaded Khrushchev to be more prudent in his international dealings. The Premier told Cowles he wished he could disguise himself as "Ivanov" and visit rural America.

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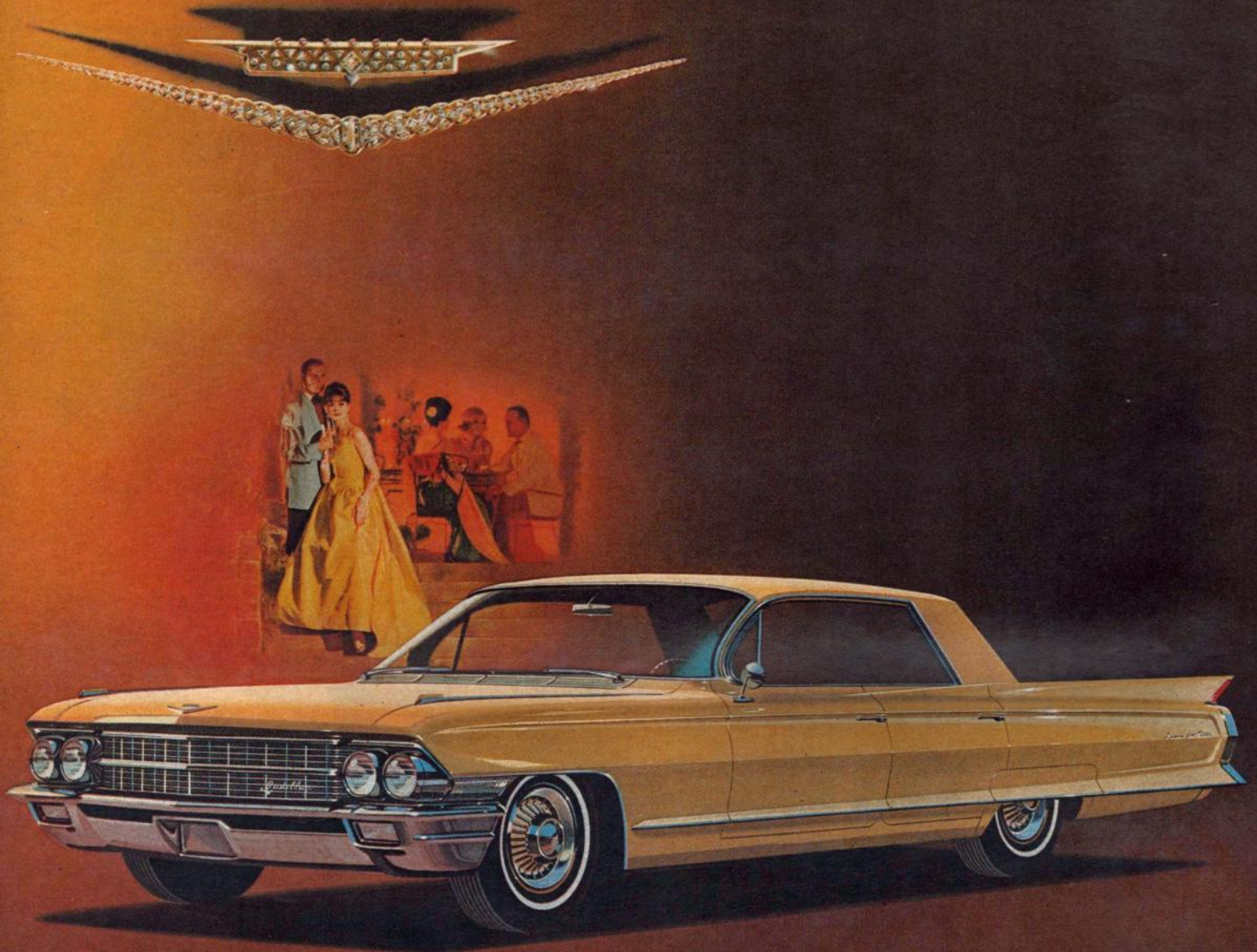
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The success of the Common Market stunned the Russians

ning to stir in Soviet society. It voices its heartfelt desire for peace, for more and better goods, for fairer distribution and for justice. The Russian people have just begun to nibble the forbidden fruit of limited freedom, and they want more. Khrushchev, a leader who travels around his country perhaps more than any other in the world, is very alert to these desires.

Increasingly, he finds that the strain on Soviet resources is putting him in a bind. For all his boasting that the Soviet Union is now the second nation of the world, he just hasn't the resources to do everything at once—to satisfy his military men, his economic planners, his consumers, his scientists and his allies. The weakest link is agriculture, which is still producing no more than it did four years ago, which still uses more than 40 per cent of the Soviet labor force (as against our 7 per cent) and which must feed a population growing by 4,000,000 a year.

Khrushchev revealed to me that he will make a massive investment in agriculture in the coming years—more tractors, fertilizer plants, farm equipment and so on. He hinted that the money will be diverted from the moon-shot program. Even as we talked, the Russians were announcing the indefinite cancellation of the World's Fair they had planned in Moscow in 1967 to mark the 50th anniversary of their revolution. These decisions to choose bread instead of circuses are the first of their kind since the war. Nothing could indicate better the strain on Russian resources; nothing could better explain the Soviet desire to come to some agreement with the United States.

KHRUSHCHEV REALIZES THE FULL DANGERS OF WAR

These factors, particularly his inability to give aid to the Chinese Communists who are threatened with famine, have brought Khrushchev into conflict with Mao Tse-tung. The Chinese Communists are faced with the problem of their survival in power. Any accommodation between the West and Khrushchev will only increase their difficulties. Still far behind the Soviet economy, unable to grow enough food, incapable of running their industry smoothly and without hope of any aid, they want to speed the world revolution and thus get their hands on the raw materials in Asia, Africa and elsewhere.

But Khrushchev realizes the full dangers of war. As he told me, he has witnessed nuclear explosions. He is not ready to run that risk as long as he knows we are ready to defend freedom and as long as he knows American strength is greater than his. For the moment, he will not budge on the key issue of our troops in Berlin and of nuclear inspection. But I venture to predict that he will not push his demands to the point of conflict with the United States and that he will agree to interim settlements in Berlin and to joint pledges concerning outer space and possibly some start on arms limitation.

If he takes these first steps to defuse some of the tensions in the world, it will make it all the more difficult for him in the future to revert to saber rattling. For much in the world outside Russia is also changing—and these changes will have enormous impact on the ever more sophisticated Soviet managerial class, now in their thirties and forties and without the experience of the Russian Revolution.

The Common Market of France, Italy, West Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg is something the Russians just can't fathom. Its fabulous growth is contrary to all the lessons of Marx, Lenin and Khrushchev. It leaves them stunned. They simply can't explain how "moribund" capitalism created this true revolution. They can't comprehend why or how we Americans gave our political and financial support so unstintingly to breed this new colossus.

The energy thrown off by the fusion of the six economies is breathtaking. What was the "miracle" of German recovery has become the "miracle" of French, Italian and Dutch development. In the five years since the Common Market began operations, there has been a fantastic turnaround. Five years ago, France was the "sick man of

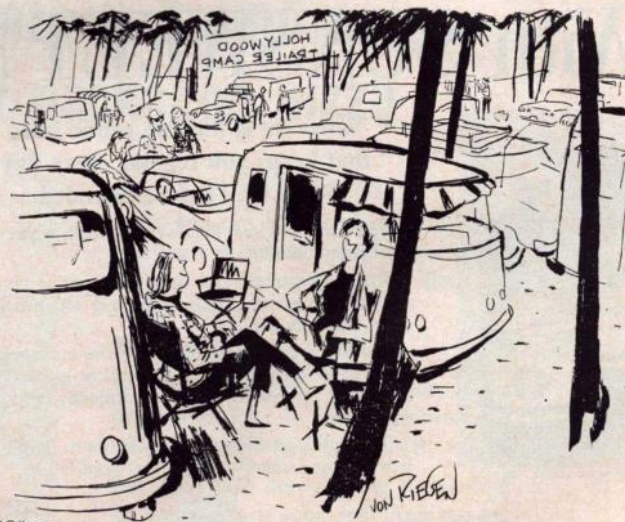
Europe," its governments tumbling and its treasury empty; today, and for four years now, it has outpaced the Germans, and it is accumulating dollars, gold and foreign reserves at such a clip that the major worry is how to slow this financial prosperity. When the Common Market treaty was signed in Rome, the Italians' main preoccupation was how to siphon off the traditional oversupply of labor to other countries; today, northern Italy, despite the hundreds of poor southerners arriving daily, has a critical labor shortage, and labor scouts scour Germany and Belgium trying to lure back Italian workers. Five years ago, learned economists were discussing the chronic shortage of dollars in Europe; today, their concern is for the outflow of greenbacks from, rather than to, the U. S. Even Spain, the forgotten country of Europe on the periphery of the Common Market, has suddenly become affluent, with reserves of almost one billion dollars.

The six countries have been boosting their industrial production by an annual average of 8 per cent a year, as against our 3 per cent. And, as they knock down the tariff walls between them—they will have been reduced by 50 per cent by this summer, far ahead of the original schedule—trade has skyrocketed. In just the last year, it increased by 25 per cent. With European workers beginning to learn about homeownership, television, modern kitchens and all the other modern conveniences that Americans invite them to think of as necessities, there is every likelihood that this boom will continue for years. The best economists think the average rate of growth will be close to 5 per cent for the next decade.

New impetus to this growth will come when Britain, followed by Norway, Denmark and Ireland, breaks with five hundred years of tradition and links itself to Europe. Undoubtedly, there will be much jockeying over the political conditions in the coming months, but the British Government knows that, unless it takes this historic step, the alternatives are too gloomy to contemplate. For as the tariff walls tumble among the Six, they are simultaneously erecting a common wall against all outsiders.

The only man who can throw a roadblock in the path of the British entry is President de Gaulle. He wants France to be the leader of the new Europe. But once de Gaulle is convinced that the British are prepared to cut gradually their special economic ties to the Commonwealth, as indeed they are, de Gaulle will not slam the

continued

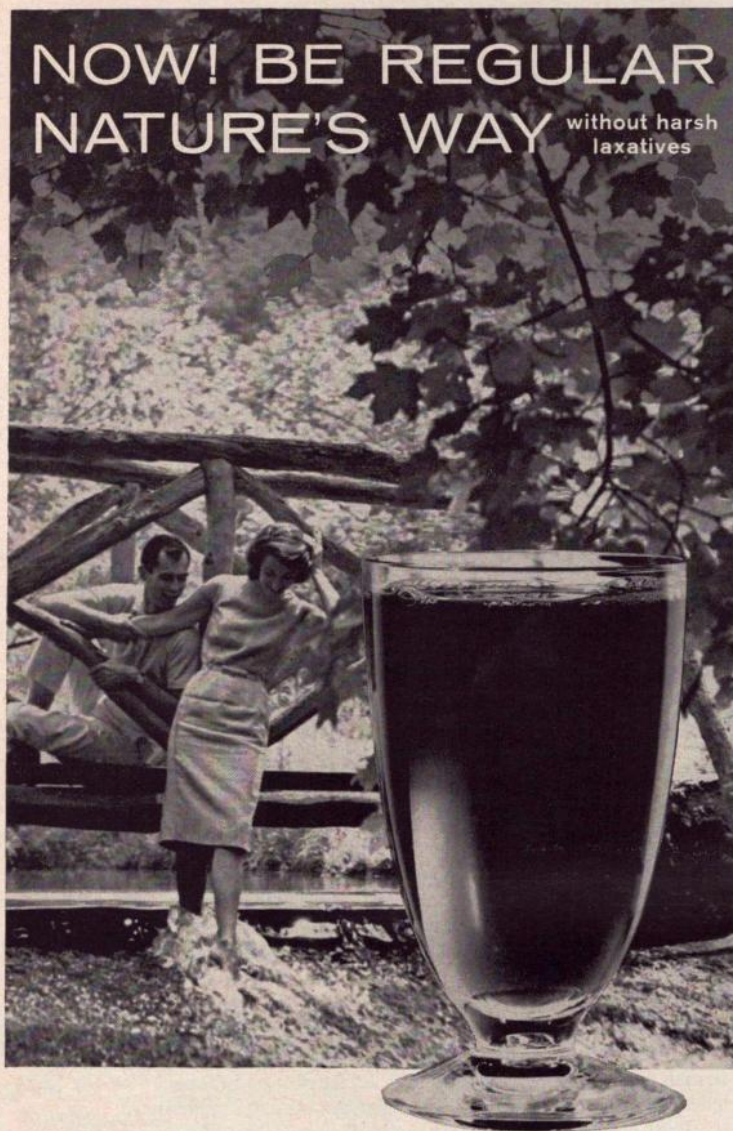


LOOK 6-5-62

"One day, after a newscast, George decided we'd better become moving targets."

NOW! BE REGULAR NATURE'S WAY

without harsh
laxatives



Come Back To Nature With SUNSWEET®!



Nature's way to be regular

**Sunsweet is the one prune juice
that keeps you regular every day
—the way nature intended.**

Here's why Sunsweet Prune Juice works when ordinary prune juices fail:

Ordinary prune juice *does not* control laxative strength. In some glassfuls you get too much; in other glassfuls, too little.

But Sunsweet Prune Juice gives the same laxative strength in each glassful—glass after glass. That's because it's prepared under scientifically controlled conditions.

Try delicious Sunsweet for 30 days. You'll feel new pep and energy. You'll feel good again.



NEW!
SUNSWEE APRICOT •
APPLE • PRUNE JUICE

It's 3 breakfast
juices in 1—
for taste,
health, energy

AN EDITOR REPORTS continued

The U. S. need not fear change

door. For now that France is rid of its Algerian problem, now that it is at peace for the first time in 23 years, he dreams of a resurgent Europe which will have strong attraction to the Communist countries of Eastern Europe, to the emergent nations of Africa and the states of the Middle East. To keep the British outside Europe would be to revive 19th-century rivalries and to bury the dream.

Once the British and their close friends join the Common Market, this dynamic Europe will have a far larger population than either the U. S. or the Soviet Union. In many key industrial items, such as steel, it will have greater production than ours; in most others, it will be second only to us, but ahead of the USSR. It will have special ties to the British Commonwealth and to the new French Commonwealth that de Gaulle seems to be launching successfully in Africa. Only in nuclear weapons will it be third, and even in that domain, de Gaulle may yet have his way in developing a strong enough force to qualify Europe as a major military power.

This new giant will present problems as well as opportunities for us. Unless we can work out some sort of partnership across the Atlantic—and somehow extend it to include Japan in the Far East—the free-world community will be riven by rivalries and trade battles. New organizations are tackling these complex questions already—questions such as how to regulate monetary conditions to guard against a sudden weakening of the dollar or the pound sterling, how to coordinate aid programs so that they can be most effectively used in underdeveloped countries and how to deal with food surpluses so that prices are kept relatively stable. In the coming years, the machinery for dealing with these problems will be established, and what is now only a vision in the minds of a few may well become the reality of the next decade. For change is the law of nature. So far, we Americans, with our faith in democracy and with our belief in free enterprise, have almost alone been fortunate enough to perceive the changes and flexible enough to adapt to them.

The direction in which history is now moving can only make us more optimistic, more convinced than ever that it is Khrushchev and the Communists who must worry about being "buried" by the inexorable forces of progress and freedom.

END



LOOK 6-5-62

*"Good heavens, what's an account executive?
Babs is engaged to one."*



This strange little tomato is found only in the first and finest packaged pizza

It is an Italian tomato.

The small plum-like kind with the distinctive zestfulness.

When we invented pizza-in-a-package we knew we'd have to use these tomatoes to impart an authentic Italian flavor to our product.

Happily, we found them growing in California and didn't have to import them from Italy.

If you don't know how real, old-fashioned Italian pizza tasted, you probably wouldn't miss these special little tomatoes.

The first packaged pizza



But, we put 'em in anyway.

Sure, you can fix our pizza in minutes. But that's no reason it shouldn't taste just as good as the old-fashioned kind that took hours.

Right? Right!

We have other little secrets, too, like a dough that rises in just 5 minutes and makes a really crisp, tasty crust.

But don't take our word for it, discover for yourself how good *real* pizza can be.

Begin by opening a box of Appian Way Pizza.

—and still the best

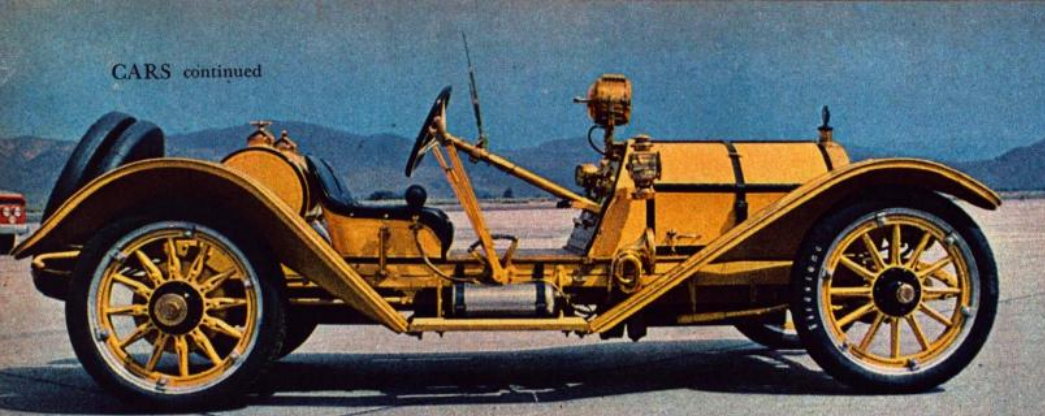


Antique &
classic

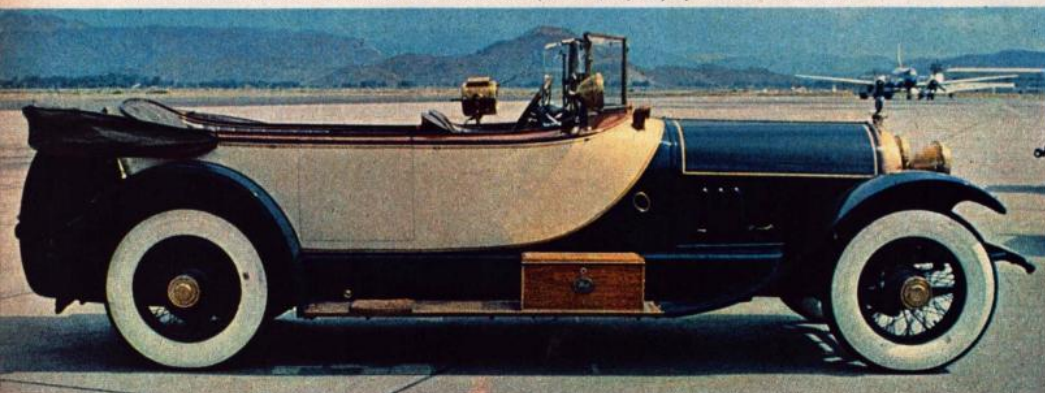


These 33 automobiles, ranked on an airport taxiway at Reno, Nev., are 1/17 of the biggest collection of antique (pre-1916), vintage (1916-24) and classic (1925-42) motorcars in the world: the Harrah Collection. (Exact years vary slightly with different car clubs.) Age alone is not sufficient to make a car worth having. Classic cars, for example, do not include all production cars of the late '20's and '30's. Classics are distinguished for fine design, high engineering standards and superior workmanship. William Harrah, with his foot on the running board of a 1928 Pierce-Arrow, owns 586 cars and plans to increase his specimen list to over 850 restored with faultless authenticity. Already, his new Reno Museum, which opened in February, has more than 300 on free public display.

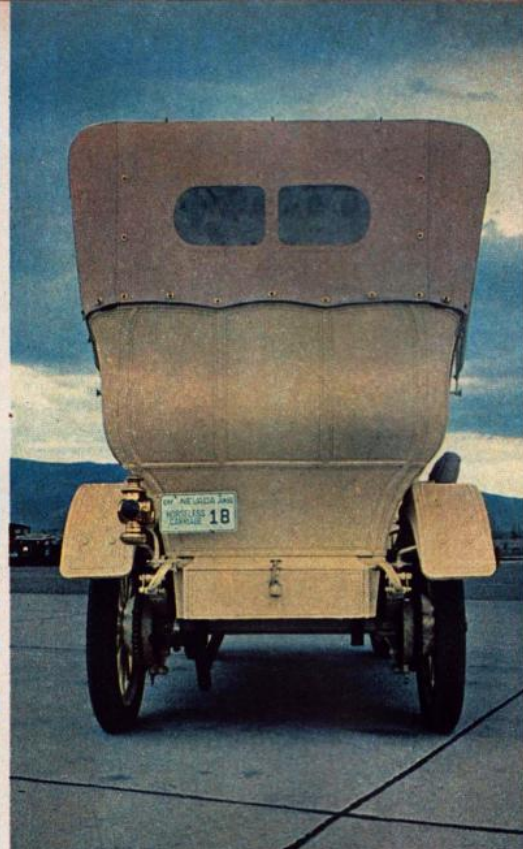
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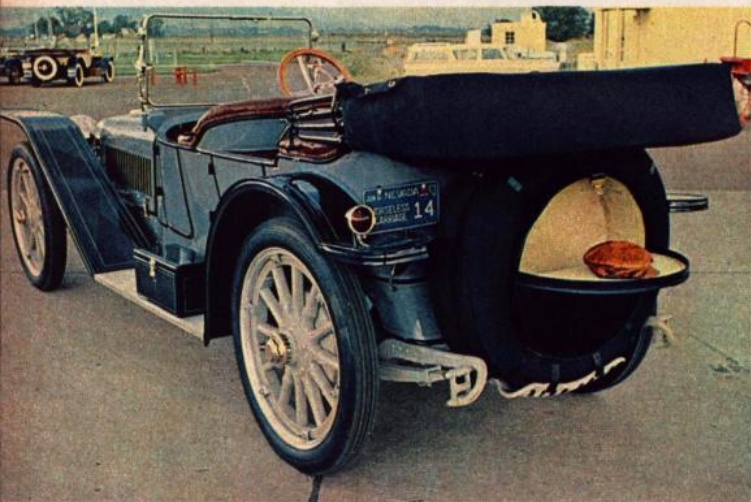
1913 MERCER Raceabout is the most valuable (about \$18,000) of all U. S.-built cars.



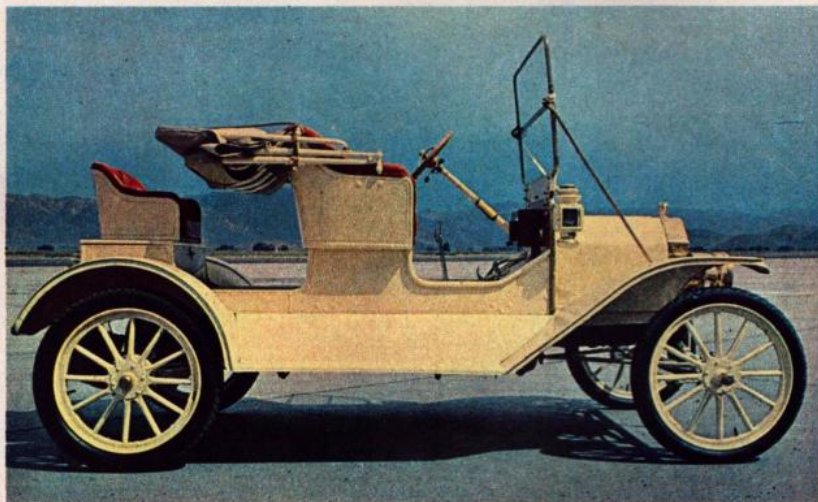
1916 SIMPLEX-CRANE Touring sported a nautical look with its unusual brass ventilators on the side.



1907 THOMAS Touring had a stately bearing.

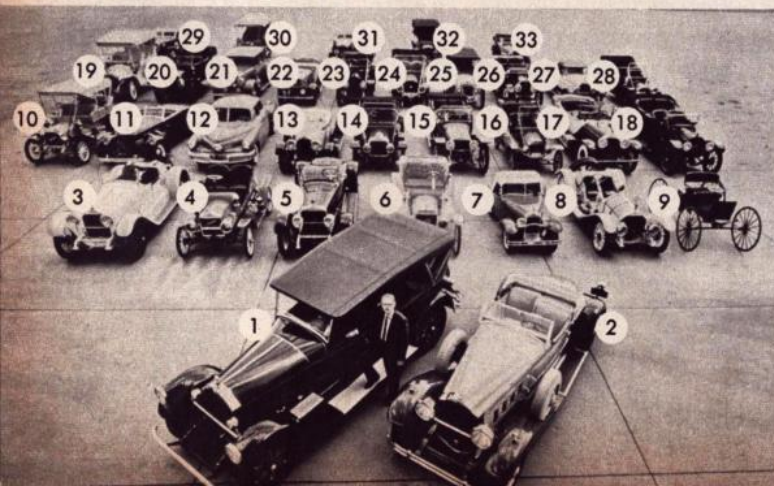


1914 AMERICAN Underslung Touring featured a hatbox in its spare tire.



1911 FORD Roadster was noted for its special, so-called "mother-in-law" rear seat.

Harrah paid about \$1 million for his collection; most cars were unrestored



Key to cars on preceding pages

From left to right: Front Row: 1—1928 Pierce-Arrow Touring. 2—1930 Packard Speedster Runabout. Second Row: 3—1915 Mercer Raceabout. 4—1911 Maxwell Runabout. 5—1920 H. C. S. Roadster. 6—1911 Ford Roadster. 7—1933 Austin (American) Roadster. 8—1913 Mercer Raceabout. 9—1906 Success Auto Buggy. Third Row: 10—1910 Buick Touring. 11—1937 Cord Convertible Coupé. 12—1948 Tucker Sedan. 13—1929 Auburn Speedster. 14—1910 White Touring. 15—1914 American Underslung Touring. 16—1909 Ford Touring. 17—1916 Simplex-Crane Touring. 18—1913 Pope-Hartford Touring. Fourth Row: 19—1907 Thomas Touring. 20—1911 Winton Touring. 21—1928 Cunningham Sport Sedan. 22—1929 Graham-Paige Phaeton. 23—1912 Pope-Hartford Touring. 24—1909 Welch Close-Coupled Touring. 25—1913 Coey Flyer Touring. 26—1912 Alco Touring. 27—1923 Marmon Speedster. 28—1910 Mercer Touring. Back Row: 29—1936 Brewster Convertible Coupé. 30—1906 Pope-Toledo Touring. 31—1922 Isotta Fraschini Touring. 32—1906 Lozier Touring. 33—1922 Mercer Sporting.

continued

Photographed by FRANK BAUMAN

THE SPECIAL K BREAKFAST



©1962 BY KELLOGG COMPANY

The quick protein breakfast for common sense weight control

You are looking at a satisfying, solid kind of meal. It starts your day with important complete protein—yet supplies fewer than 250 calories. And it's quick as instant coffee.

The menu is simple: Half a grapefruit—or 4 ounces of orange or tomato juice. $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Kellogg's Special K. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup skim milk. 1 teaspoon sugar. Black coffee or tea.

The Special K Breakfast was worked out by nutritionists who recognize your need for

protein, vitamins and minerals first thing in the morning—as well as a good start on your calorie requirements for the day.

A crisp, delicious Special K Breakfast can make it easier to eat sensibly at lunch and dinner. It encourages you to form sound eating habits you can live with. It helps you reach the weight you want—and keep it.

Doesn't that make you want to give the Special K Breakfast a good try?

"The best to you each morning"

The Protein Story of Kellogg's Special K

One serving of Special K ($1\frac{1}{2}$ cups with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup skim milk) supplies 14% of the recommended daily protein allowance for an adult man, plus significant amounts of vitamins and minerals, too. Special K with milk forms biologically complete protein—the kind you need every day to build, maintain, and repair body tissues.

This high-quality protein in delicious form gives you a feeling of well-being because your body has been pleasantly nourished.

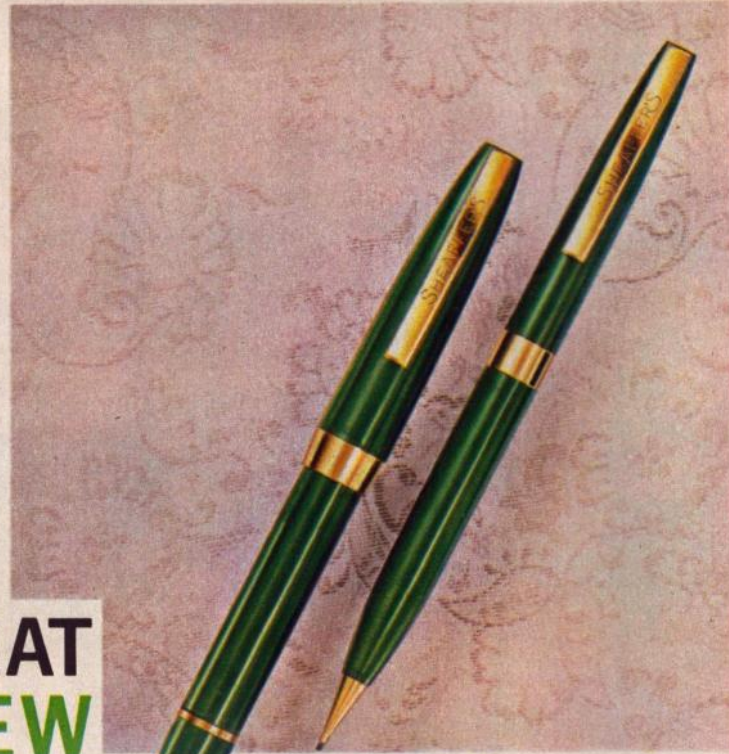
Kellogg's

SPECIAL K



SHEAFFER'S '500'

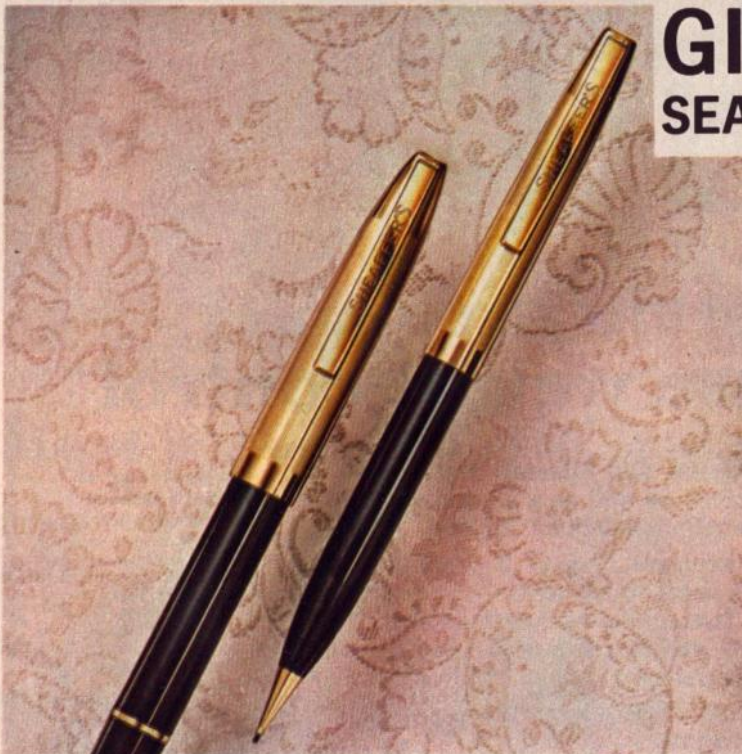
For a \$5.00 gift you can give with pride, choose Sheaffer's cartridge fountain pen. The distinctive diamond-shaped point marks it a truly fine writing instrument... a thoughtful and useful suggestion for graduations and birthdays. Wide color selection. Set with matching pencil, \$8.95. Cartridge pen alone, \$5.00. (Also available with conventional filling action, \$5.95.)



SHEAFFER'S '800'

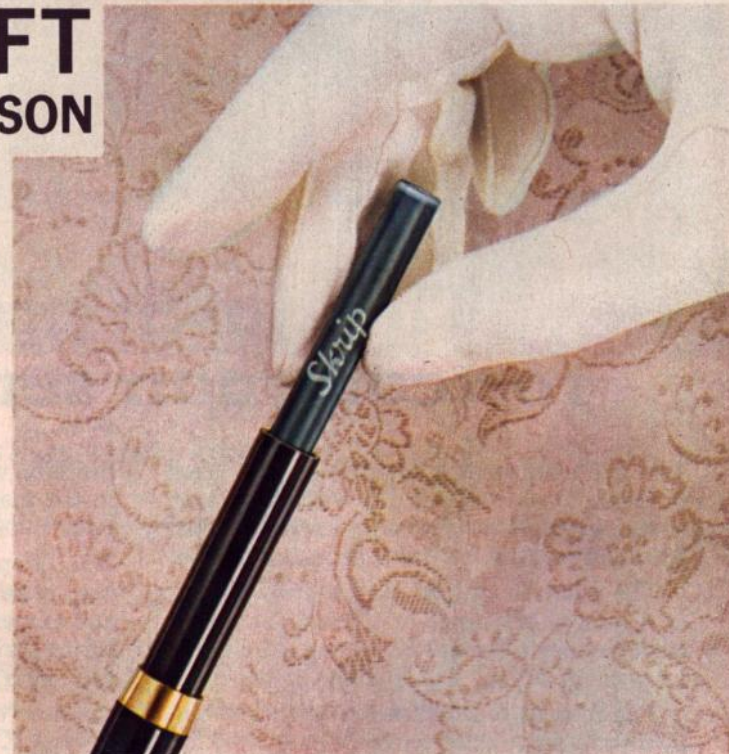
A lovely gift for special people... Mom on her day or Dad on his. Its diamond-shaped 14k gold point writes smoothly and effortlessly... and will outlast any other pen point metal. Styled with a loss-proof innerspring clip and air-tight cap that keeps the point moist, ready to write instantly. Set with matching pencil, \$12.95. Cartridge pen alone, \$7.95. (Also available with conventional filling action, \$8.95.)

NEAT NEW IDEAS FOR THE SPRING GIFT SEASON



SHEAFFER'S '1000'

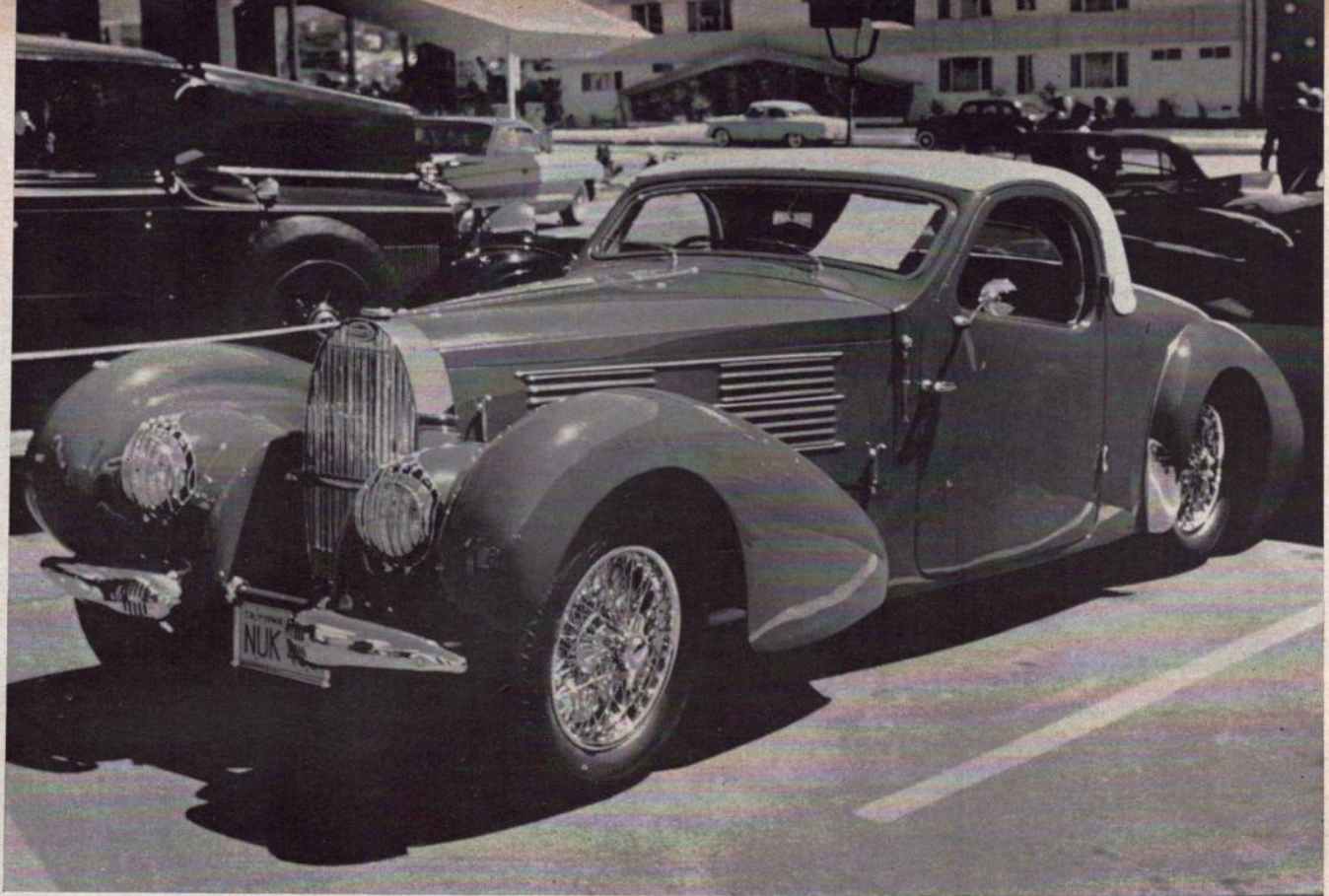
The ultimate gift and the most distinguished of Sheaffer's cartridge fountain pens. Ideally suited for the graduating son or daughter, the brand new executive, Mother, Dad... or even yourself. The 14k gold diamond-shaped point writes faultlessly. Designed with a beautiful gold electroplate cap with loss-proof innerspring clip. Set and matching pencil, \$16.00 (F.T.I.). Cartridge pen alone, \$10.00 (F.T.I.).



Ink never touches your hands when you fill Sheaffer's new cartridge pens. They never go near an ink bottle. Instead, they fill with leakproof cartridges of *Skrip* writing fluid. They're available everywhere and you carry them with you in pocket or purse. Then whenever it's time to refill your pen, remove the point, drop in a cartridge (either end first), replace the point and you're ready to write. And of course, for smooth, easy writing—there's no substitute for a Sheaffer fountain pen.

SHEAFFER'S

© 1962, W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, FORT MADISON, IOWA



The Bugatti automobile was made in France by an Italian. This immaculate coupé is a Type 57C of 1939.

Restoration:

TO MAKE A CAR GOOD AS NEW... BUT NO BETTER



Bill Harrah talks with Jack Nethercutt, noted West Coast collector, at a Los Angeles Classic Car Club meeting. A few weeks later, Harrah bought 31 restored cars from Nethercutt's collection.

"You can take pleasure in looking at a painting," the late James Melton once said to me, "and from holding a Georgian teapot in your hand, and from sitting in a Chippendale chair. But some automobiles are beautiful to look at, pleasant to touch, comfortable to sit in—and you can enjoy all these things while you're driving along a lovely country road in June!"

Melton's was among the earliest big collections of automobiles in this country. He bought his first old car early in the 1930's and, in the middle 1950's, owned about 125 specimens. The Waterman-Gibson collection in Providence, R. I., numbered more than 200 cars before World War II. Cameron Peck of Chicago liquidated his collection a decade ago, but before that, he had owned perhaps 500 cars—though not at one time. Barney Pollard of Detroit filled warehouses full of unrestored machines. Henry Austin Clark, Jr., has 130 cars for display at his Southampton, N. Y., museum, one of the best American collections, and offers rides to about 15,000 people a year, mainly in old buses and fire engines. There are major museums abroad, in England, France, Italy and Germany, but no collection, privately or publicly held, exceeds William Harrah's in quantity or excels it in quality. It is a rapidly growing collection, which at this time numbers 586 cars.

The old-car fancier's lust for acquisition is not simply motivated. He collects cars for all the reasons that men collect jade, cubist paintings, Eskimo ivory carvings or antique snuffboxes—and for other reasons.

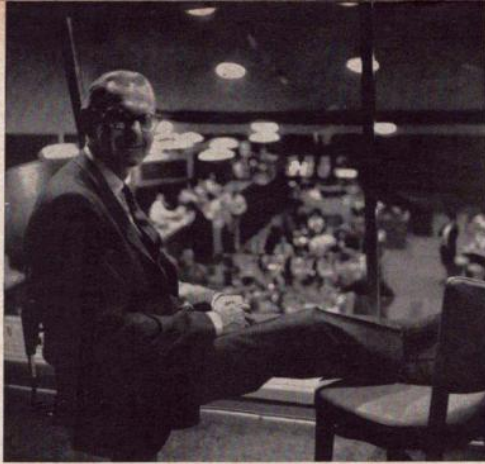
Nostalgia is one of them. Only a completely restored house built in another century has more power than an antique automobile to evoke the spirit of the past.

A passage in Melton's book *Bright Wheels Rolling* bears on the matter: "Just at dusk, I would say it should be, at dusk of a crisp winter day, a light cover of new snow on the ground and more falling. Down Park Avenue in New York, or Commonwealth in Boston, or upper Michigan in Chicago—a street like that. Thirty or 35 miles an hour, certainly no more. There you are, happy and comfortable on fine brocaded upholstery, seeing out by the light of cut-glass side-lamps, but knowing that no one can see in, the musky scent of fresh roses in the big flower vase, the steady crackle of the tires on the snow, your progress serene, absolutely unhurried, your happy arrival as certain as anything can be in this world. *That* was living!"

A sense of power and superiority often comes with ownership of an old car. A 1932 Bugatti (French) or Duesenberg (American), both 125-mile-an-hour cars, will overcome most 1962 models, if not with sheer speed, then with their great size and arrogance and the noise they make. Most collectors are people of modest means who have one car or two. The possession of a car built for a millionaire or an Indian raja in like-new or "mint" condition (never "overrestored"—with chromium instead of nickel plate, for example) is likely to lift the ego. "When I sit in that Bentley," one happy owner says, "I'm a king!"

The dedicated collector, whether of automobiles
continued

BY KEN W. PURDY



From a private balcony observatory, William Harrah views the action at one of the three gambling clubs that provide the big money to make his auto museum possible and where patrons can pick up free tickets and bus rides to his fabulous auto exhibit.

Authenticity, at any price, is the collector's passion

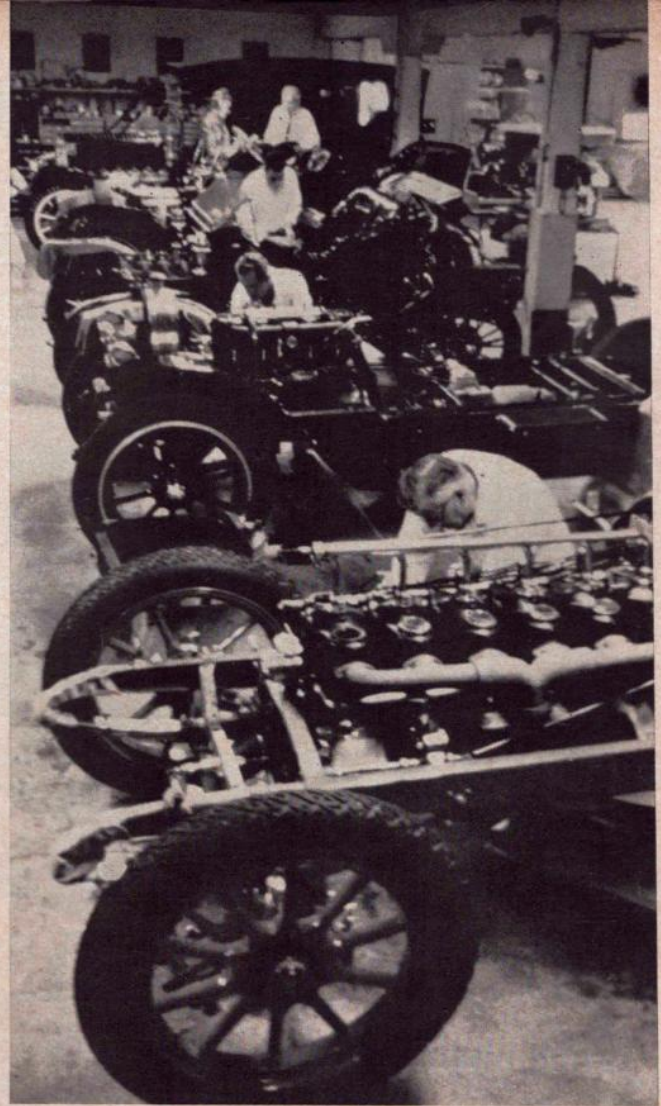
or Chinese pottery, is concerned above all with authenticity. A 1922 Mercedes is flawed if it carries a 1923 carburetor, since the restorer's purpose is to bring the car back to the condition in which it left the factory. No motorcar collector and few collectors of anything have approached the matter of authenticity with more fervor than has William Harrah. A retiring, patient man, he does not think three months too long to spend in determining the precise color of the striping on a 1916 touring car, or the distance in millimeters between one stripe and another. Restoring his 1928 Pierce-Arrow, he could find only one set of clutch- and brake-pedal pads, and they were not for sale. He borrowed them, had a moldmaker make new molds from them and produced two pads, at a cost of \$165. A set of almost identical 1929 pads had been available, but Harrah would not consider them.

No ordinary millionaire's income could support such purposefulness. Harrah owns three of the largest gambling clubs in Nevada—two in Reno, one at Lake Tahoe. They are startlingly shiny-clean in appearance, known to be unimpeachably honest; they run at near capacity 24 hours a day, producing profit that makes Harrah's determination to assemble at least 850 cars a reasonable one.

Twenty-five people are fully employed in finding, authenticating, restoring and maintaining Harrah's automobiles. Lee Jellison, in overall charge of all automotive operations (Harrah runs a racing car, is a Rolls-Royce and Ferrari dealer) is an expert in mechanics. Research director Sidney Strong is a retired Ford dealer and a collector in his own right. Edward Catlett, Harrah's chief buyer, is a big, happy-looking ex-policeman who can pitch hay for eight hours if that's what it takes to persuade a farmer to talk business about the old Reo in one corner of the barn. Strong has masses of documentary material available: 1,600 bound volumes, 2,000 magazines waiting for the binder, 2,000 catalogues describing 400 makes of pre-1916 cars and a card-index system covering the history of the self-propelled vehicle from 1600 to 1940.

In the shop, working at the even, steady pace of the experienced craftsman, are mechanics and machinists, a metalsmith, upholsterer, cabinetmaker, blacksmith, painters and a coachbuilder trained in some of the great Irish and British firms. Sometimes a car comes in stripped by time of everything but chassis, engine and steering wheel. Research will determine what kind of body was on the car. Exact dimensions will be taken from half a dozen sources, drawings will be made, and the body will be built—from the same materials and in the same fashion as the original.

The restorer works for his own satisfaction and for the pleasure

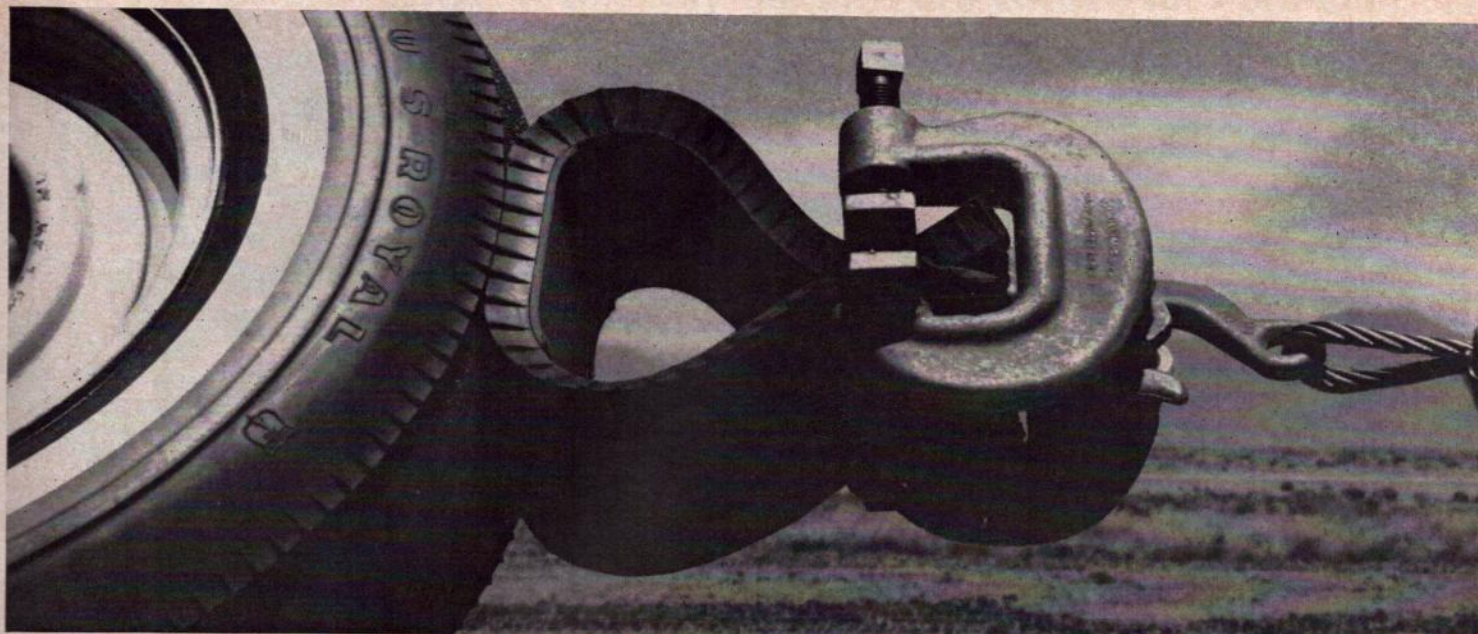


Dedicated veteran mechanics and craftsmen work slowly and carefully in Harrah's shop. They rebuild and refinish each car from the ground up.

of the few who know the difference. (Most Americans, on seeing an old car, will slam a door if they can, listening wisely to the sound, then rap their knuckles on the fender and say, "Boy, they don't make 'em like that any more!" This meaningless ritual horrifies collectors, who consider laying so much as a fingertip on another man's car to be the grossest possible breach of etiquette.) Most of those who know a good car when they see it are members of one of the big clubs: Antique Automobile Club, Horseless Carriage Club, Veteran Motor Car Club, Classic Car Club. Harrah customarily enters one or two cars in club meets, drives in such long-distance events as the Glidden Tour. He has often been beaten in shows by single-car owners, who have the advantage of being able to concentrate on one machine. Last year, his favorite Pierce-Arrow finished in a triple tie for the national championship of the Classic Car Club. It was ranked a 100-point car, one of only five 100-pointers in the 1957-61 period. The judges were unable to find a pinhead-sized spot of dirt on it, let alone any basic flaw.

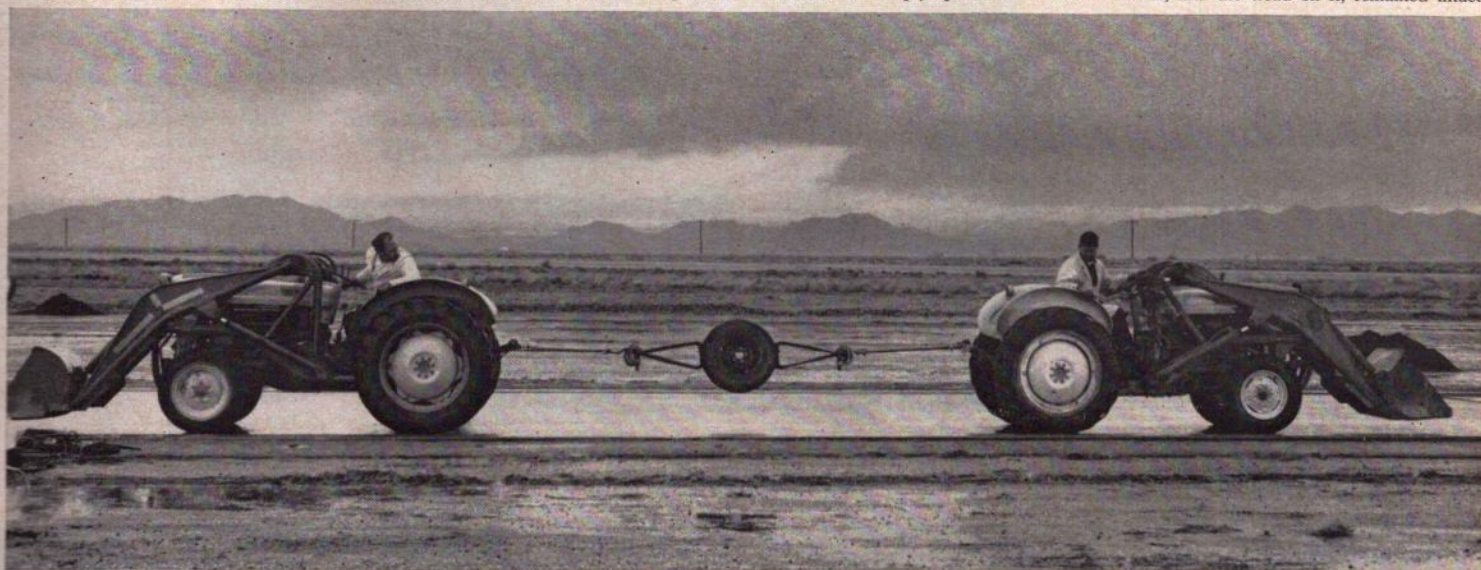
Harrah bought his first car, a 1911 Maxwell, in 1949. Early this year, he opened his museum, the most comprehensive in the world. "Few material things have been as important to America as the automobile," he says. "The manufacture of the automobile was the root of our industrial growth and, for decades now, it has been the central support of our economy. We are all tied to the automobile by history, by business, by emotion. The automobile deserves to be preserved and remembered."

END



The tread stock of a standard-size U.S. Royal Safety-800 tire was peeled back in two places, a separator inserted to distribute the load, clamps attached and two huge trac-

tors tried to pull the tread off the tire (below). The polymerized CVC bond was so strong, the tractors simply spun their wheels. The tire, and the tread on it, remained intact!



These tractors couldn't pull the tread from new U.S. Royal tire made with **CVC***

This incredible strength means thousands of extra miles for you. Read how:

The rubber and cord in ordinary tires used to be held together with adhesives. Even the best of them failed when heat or pressure or pull was applied. So ordinary tires often *gave* out before they *wore* out: on rough roads and at high speeds, the tread sometimes separated from the rest of the tire.

But now U.S. Rubber scientists have developed a new compound trademarked **CVC** that makes the

rubber and cord in tires inseparable. It *makes the bond as strong as rubber itself*. And so, no matter how tough the terrain, how high or sustained the speed, the chief reasons for tire failure are eliminated and tires last much longer.

CVC compound is patented and available only in tires made by U.S. Rubber—including the U.S. Royal Safety-800 tire, original equipment on finest 1962 cars. Your U.S. Royal Dealer has the *right* size for *your* car. *Right now.*

*CVC is United States Rubber Company's trademark for its catalytic vulcanizing compound.



United States Rubber

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y. In Canada: Dominion Rubber Company, Ltd.



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LOOK ON THE Light Side

EDITED BY
GURNEY
WILLIAMS



HERBERT BRAMMEIER



LOOK 6-5-82

"I don't see how you ever think 'em up."



LOOK 6-5-82

GARDNER REA

"Do you realize, Miss Condon, that counting coffee and lunch breaks, this makes the third time you've been late for work today?"

Write Your Congressman!

There ought to be a law, I say,
To make the thirtieth of May
Fall on a Friday or a Monday,
And not on Saturday or Sunday.
That's when it's absolutely bleak;
While in the middle of the week,
It passes with such breathless
haste
It's just a tantalizing waste.

MARGARET FISHBACK

The College of His Choice

At six, it's Harvard, Yale or
Cornell.
He's getting A's, and all is well.
At sixteen, though, those A's
look dim,
And he'll choose the college
that chooses him!

GERRY RICHELSON

Survey

When my sister asked her class
of 25 fifth graders, "What do you
want to be when you grow up?"
they wrote these answers:

Astronaut (1 boy, 2 girls)
Asternot (5 boys, 6 girls)
Asternat (3 boys, 3 girls)
Astranat (2 boys, 1 girl)
Asteranat (1 boy)
Astronaut's wife (1 girl)

It is reassuring to note that
there is still hope for the perpetu-
ation of the race.

KAY NELSON

Glad-Hander

Just give my mitt
A gentle squeeze.
Press, don't pulverize it,
Please!

ETHEL JACOBSON

A wife never ceases to ask her husband's advice, hoping that some-
day he'll have sense enough to agree with her.

D. O. FLYNN

Improving My Game

I read a golf column on the
sports page, which said many of
your personal golf problems can
be solved by a word from your
golf pro. I didn't want to bother
him with my problems by asking
for free advice while he was giv-
ing lessons, so I dropped into his
shop yesterday.

"My ball is short of the hole on
putts," I told him. "How should I
hit it?"

"Harder," he said.

"I'm still shooting in the 90s,"
I went on. "How can I improve
my game?"

"Practice," he said.

"My putts," I continued, "usu-
ally go to the right of the hole.
How should I stroke them?"

"Left," he replied.

"I get tense when I'm hitting
my woods. What should I do?"

"Relax."

"I was wondering if new golf
shoes would improve my game."

"They sure would," he said.
"Time after time, I've seen it work.
Look at these. They're crafted
from brown living leather. Stay
new-looking four times longer
than other golf shoes. Resist scuffs
and stains. This new vamp lining
prevents athlete's foot. The soles
and heel are leather, and the steel
spikes are removable. Only \$29.95
a pair."

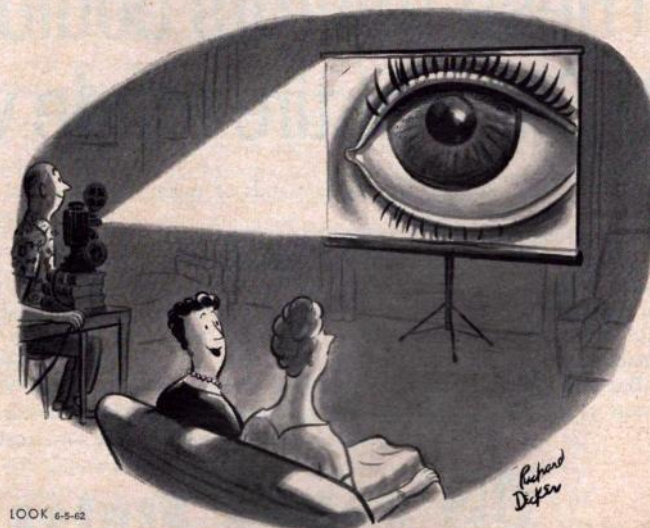
He was right. I broke 90 today.

ART LARSON

Famous Lost Words

Miss Bernadine McGrath
was maid of honor. She was
gowned in blue with a match-
ing headache, and she carried
a cascade bouquet of pink car-
nations.

Wilmington (Del.) Evening Journal



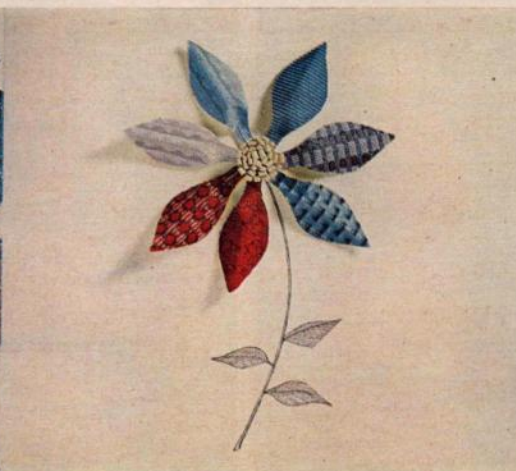
LOOK 6-5-82

"Henry's just wild about his zoom lens."

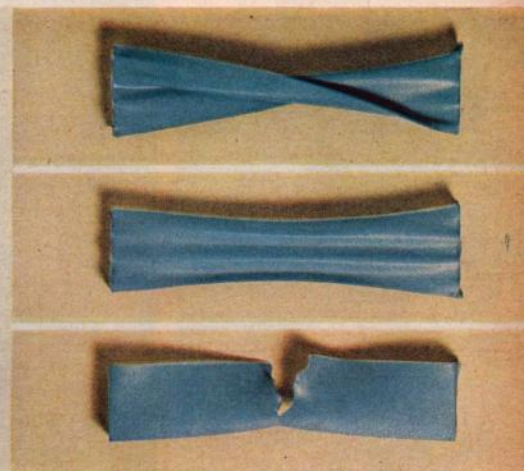
Many fabrics are tested . . . but only the best are chosen for Ford-built cars



Our stylists find many materials that look right for Ford-built interiors . . .



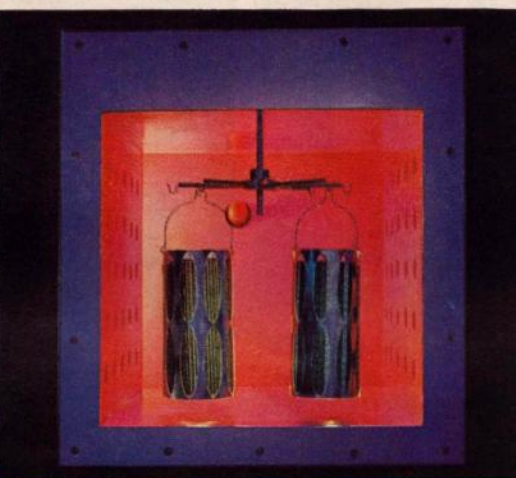
but beauty alone is not enough. Before we pass on any fabric . . .



we twist it, stretch it, tear it to test its strength and durability.



We expose it to real and artificial sun rays to test its fade-resistance . . .



we bake it at 250° F. to find out how it withstands extreme heat . . .



we smear it with lipstick, mustard and shoe polish to check stain-resistance.

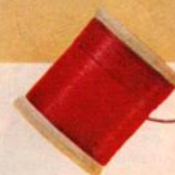


We dirty it, scuff it, scrub it . . . to give it years of hard usage in a week . . .



rub it with mink to make sure it won't damage furs! All this. No short cuts.

Regardless of price or size—
from Falcon
to Lincoln Continental—
you get the finest of fabrics
in Ford-built cars



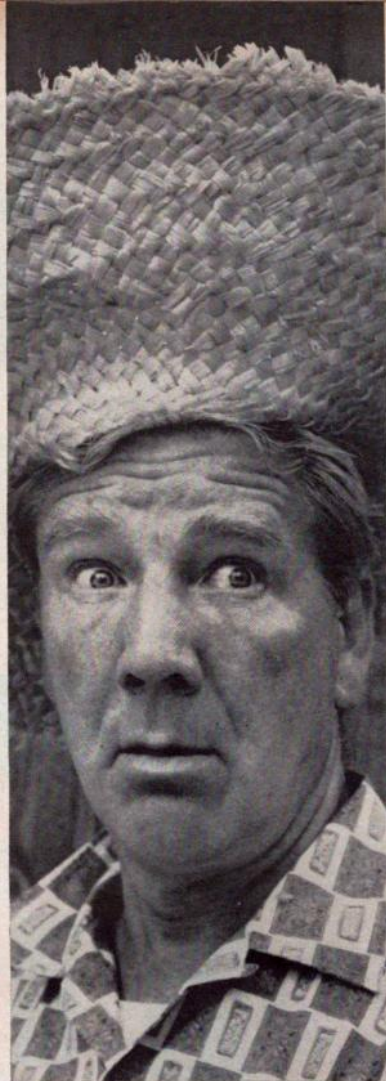
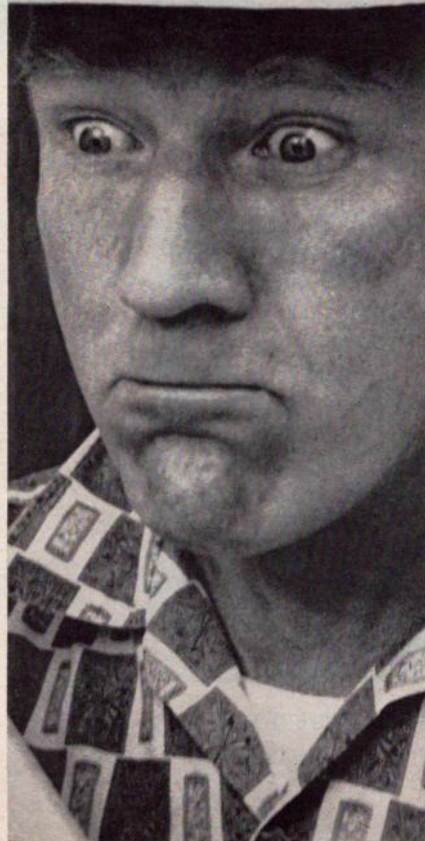
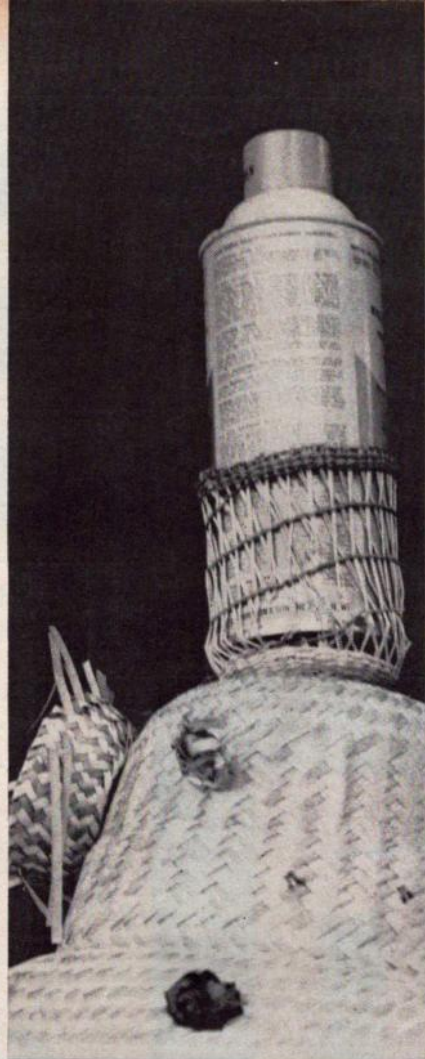
PRODUCTS OF  MOTOR COMPANY

FORD: Falcon, Fairlane, Galaxie, **THUNDERBIRD**
MERCURY: Comet, Meteor, Monterey, **LINCOLN CONTINENTAL**

FORD-BUILT CARS LAST LONGER, NEED LESS CARE, KEEP THEIR VALUE BETTER



Kirby's varying physiognomy not only looks funny, but helps to sell all kinds of products on TV.



TV's TRIPLE THREAT: DURWARD KIRBY

BLOND, wavy-haired Durward Kirby makes viewers sit up and take notice whenever he appears on the TV screen. He is a member of the regular "family" of *The Garry Moore Show* (CBS-TV) and also one of TV's hottest triple threats.

Critic John Crosby calls him "one of the most versatile muggers and comedians on the air." Garry Moore adds, "Durward can deliver a straight, sincere commercial right after a comedy skit ends, and make the transition believable." Finally, he has followed in Arthur Godfrey's footsteps as host of *Candid Camera* on CBS-TV.

The new spot is a giant step forward, even for towering, 6'4" Kirby. Trained as an announcer and pitchman of commercials, he has advanced beyond his wildest dreams. But Kirby is too disciplined to betray either a feeling of pressure or wild elation. And with Allen Funt, creator of *Candid Camera*, with whom he shares the spotlight, he has shown himself to be a diplomat.

Kirby's week involves filming *Candid Camera* episodes and taping the show, taping *The Garry Moore Show*, recording a 10-minute weekday radio show with Moore and filming commercials, but he manages to remain unperturbedly calm. These activities should bring him perhaps \$250,000 this year—but his actual earnings, his middle name and his age are Kirby's most closely guarded secrets. And anyone trying to pry these facts out of him gets a quick idea of how steely a will lies behind Kirby's genial smile.

continued



real gusto

in a great light beer

Schlitz is brewed with pride and just the kiss of the hops to bring the character of the beer to life.

So why don't you get together with Schlitz, the great light beer with gusto.



MAY IS
NATIONAL
TAVERN
MONTH

The beer that made Milwaukee Famous . . . simply because it tastes so good

© 1962 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N. Y., Los Angeles, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.

KIRBY continued



On The Garry Moore Show, he acts the part of an irate husband in a triangle skit who surprises Moore and Carol Burnett.

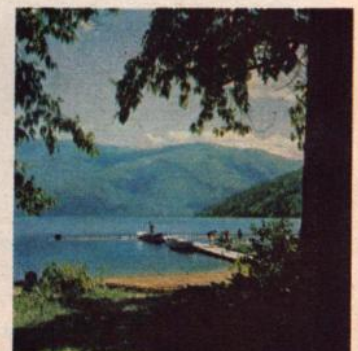
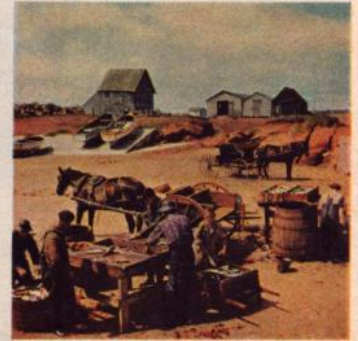
Kirby can play a supporting role or take over as MC



Candid Camera reunites Kirby with Dorothy Collins, who worked with him on a 1948 radio show. "He was the announcer, and I was the girl singer with the band," she recalls. "Dur's one of the nicest people in show business. You won't find anyone saying a bad word about him." Nor, apparently, can anyone catch Kirby in the backbiting sessions that are often part of show-business jealousies. Garry Moore, one of Kirby's most ardent fans, observes, "Durward never quits learning. He watches guests closely. Months later, something he's picked up will come out, filtered through his own personality. He's a perfectionist, and I couldn't be happier about his new success."

continued

On Candid Camera, his spontaneous humor "breaks up" Dorothy Collins, Allen Funt and Zsa Zsa Gabor.



So near and yet so different! A summer of adventure, discovery and pleasure awaits you in Canada.

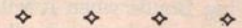
It would be quite a feat to do and see *everything* on one vacation, but you can join the many who return again and again to

CANADA

...the wonderful world at your doorstep!



To help you plan your visit to Canada,
fill in the coupon below for the
Canadian Vacation Package



CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU,
OTTAWA, CANADA

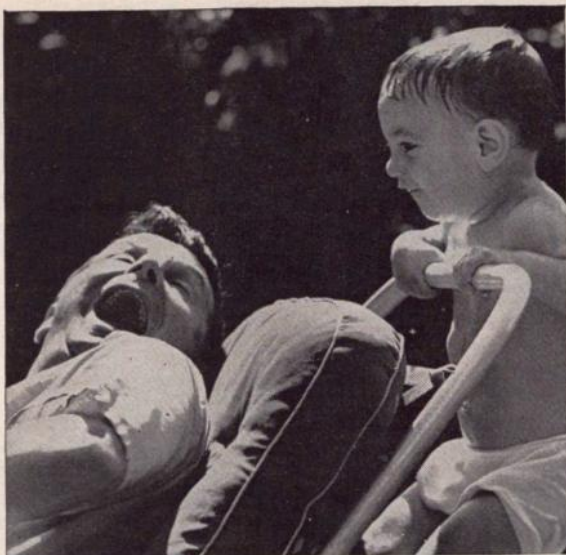
Please send the Vacation Package to:

X-1-06-04

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

1



Is money all they need for a secure future? Money without freedom isn't worth very much. That's why every American family should *invest* in freedom with U.S. Savings Bonds.

How to save money and the freedom to enjoy it

If you're like most Americans today, you've come to the realization that saving money isn't enough for the future. More and more people are asking themselves, "What else can I do? How can I make my family's and my country's future more secure?"

Part of the answer to this question is: invest in United States Savings Bonds.

The money you put into Bonds has some mighty important jobs cut out for it. One of the most important is making yourself financially strong. Another is helping our Government stay financially strong so we can shoulder the costs of the struggle for freedom.

It adds up to the fact that buying Savings Bonds is one of the most fruitful ways you can help keep America free—so you can enjoy the things you're saving for. Why not start buying Bonds when it will do the most good . . . today?

Five personal benefits you get from U.S. Savings Bonds

1. The U.S. Government guarantees your investment.
2. You get 3¾% interest to maturity.
3. Your Bonds are replaced free if lost.
4. You can save automatically where you work.
5. You can get your money any time you need it.



Is this church in America? In 1960 we built 4,915 new churches in the U.S. The one above is St. Basil's Cathedral in Red Square, Moscow—once one of Russia's greatest churches, now a museum.

Keep freedom in your future with
U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

Buy an EXTRA Bond during the Freedom Bond Drive



This advertising is donated by The Advertising Council and this magazine.

KIRBY continued



Working at being funny is sometimes serious.

His TV chores cost him a Broadway role

The Kirbys live in a white-brick, Georgian home in Bronxville, a New York suburb that also gives sanctuary to Jack Paar. The Kirbys' older son Randy, 19, is a brown-haired replica of Durward, intent on an acting career. Last summer, he served an apprenticeship in summer stock, using his mother's maiden name, "because I want to accomplish this on my own." Durward himself also confesses to Broadway ambitions. He had to turn down a role in the current musical comedy *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* because of his new *Candid Camera* chores.

continued

Wife "Pax" used to be on the air, too, as an MC on radio shows in Chicago.



His car is protected with Farmers Insurance, too.

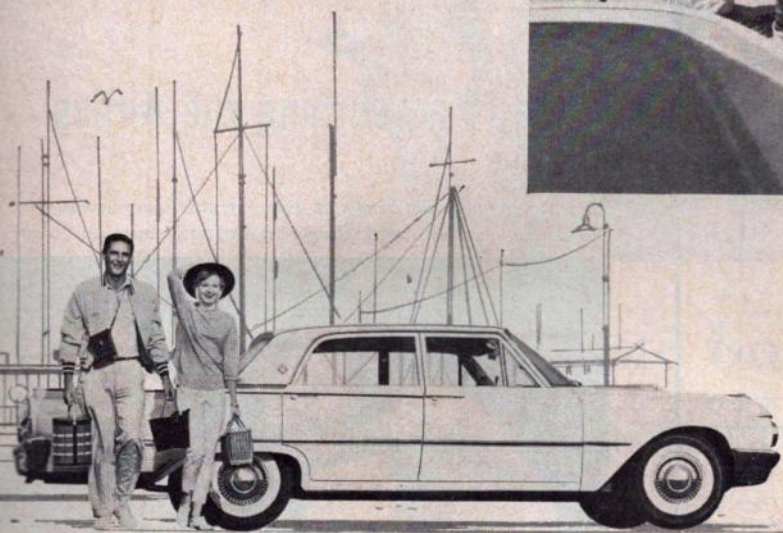
Smart skippers have long known that the best boat insurance is Farmers. Whether you spend your week end in a two-man craft with an outboard or sail a three-masted schooner, Farmers has the protection you need—afloat and ashore—and at Farmers famous low rates.

It follows that with auto insurance you also get the best with Farmers. In fact, a million and a half motorists will tell you that Farmers is the best auto insurance buy in America today.

Rates are low—usually substantially lower than most other companies*. Farmers offers a generous discount for accident-free driving. And if you own more than one car you get additional discounts, if you qualify. And Farmers offers special low rates for American-made compacts.

In addition to modern broad-form coverage and low rates, you get the fast, fair, friendly service for which Farmers is famous. Before renewal time rolls around, look into the many advantages of Farmers Auto Insurance.

*In Texas you save by dividend payments.



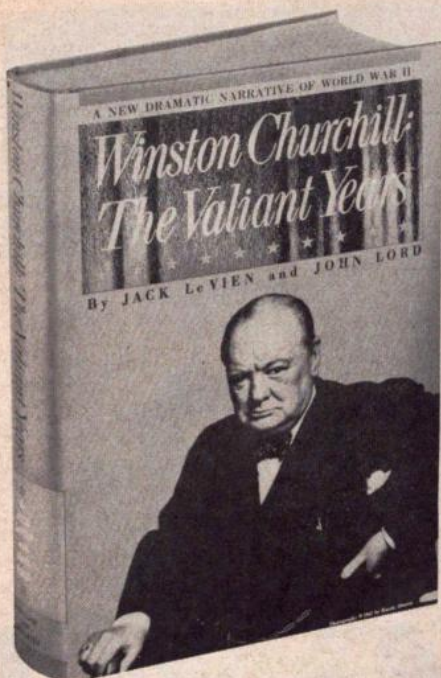
CALL YOUR FARMERS AGENT FOR ALL YOUR INSURANCE

He's listed in the phone book under *Farmers Insurance Group*. He's an expert on AUTO, LIFE, FIRE, TRUCK, BOAT and COMMERCIAL insurance. Get them *all* from Farmers for finest coverage at low cost.

Fast • Fair • Friendly **Farmers Insurance Group**

AUTO • LIFE • FIRE • TRUCK • BOAT • COMMERCIAL





**"THE BEST AND
MOST READABLE
ONE-VOLUME
HISTORY OF
WORLD WAR II
EVER PUBLISHED!"**

—Dayton News

"I know of no single volume on World War II that so captures the reader's interest. It holds him spellbound in the grip of Sir Winston's magnificent courage and vision." **GENERAL MATTHEW B. RIDGWAY**

FROM Dunkirk to Pearl Harbor, from the Battle of Britain to Hiroshima — here is the whole panorama of mankind's most awesome struggle, and here is the story of the man on whose shoulders fell the weight of world leadership.

This thrilling chronicle ranges from the foxhole to the conference room. It is as immediate as a letter from a soldier in the front lines. Here is the war in all its moods. Here is the story of freedom's cause in its darkest moments and in its finest hour. Here, in vivid, dramatic form is the story of how Sir Winston Churchill achieved immortality in his own lifetime.

Earlier publication in Great Britain has placed the book high on London Best Seller Lists and already *Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years* is being acclaimed throughout the United States:

"Excellent reading . . . a fast paced account. One can open this book to any page and become engrossed. This is the cream of history. All passes in thunderous array. The panorama is wide enough to present the whole struggle at once."

—The Christian Science Monitor

"This book has great sweep and drama and Le Vien and Lord keep a firm grip on their great subject. Theirs is a solid achievement."—San Francisco News-Call Bulletin

"A study in action that is penetrating, precise, pungent and easy to read. A rich adjunct to current history."—The New York Mirror

"Exciting reading! The use of present tense is a highly effective device — giving the reader a 'you-are-there' feeling. This book is not just another abridgment of Churchill's six-volume history. It is at once both supplement and complement to the original. Highly recommended!—The Library Journal

Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years

BY JACK Le VIEN and JOHN LORD

\$7.50, now at your bookstore

BERNARD GEIS ASSOCIATES, N. Y. C.

BERNARD GEIS ASSOCIATES, Dept. L522
239 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, New York

Please send me copies of *Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years* by Jack Le Vien and John Lord. I have enclosed \$7.50 for each book ordered. If not entirely satisfied that this book is a thorough and fascinating history of World War II, I may return my copy within 10 days and my money will be refunded.

Name

Address

City Zone State



Even in the air, son Randy indicates his interest in acting.

KIRBY continued

There is no curbing the Kirbys

The Kirbys' younger son Dennis, 12, teams up with Randy against Durward as they horse around the pool at family's Connecticut retreat. **END**



★★★
NOTICEABLY BETTER



Get the rich, clear taste only
vacuum-cleaned tobacco gives you

KING-SIZE COMMANDERS are made by a new process that vacuum-cleans every strand of tobacco. This takes out loose tobacco crumbs and leaves more of the long, flavorful strands that give you a richer-tasting cigarette. You also get a better-filled cigarette with firmer ends (to keep tobacco in the cigarette and out of your mouth). Have a Commander... welcome aboard.



Philip Morris
KING-SIZE
COMMANDER

Let a vacation broaden your horizons

How can you get the most out of your vacation? Find a new interest, experts say,



or expand an old one. If you're a golfer, an overnight

camping trip can be a healthy change. If you're an old hand with a fly rod, give surf-casting a whirl. Or try your hand at painting. Water-colors are easier than you'd think. You like the beach? Fine. But did you ever go water-skiing? Or snorkeling? How about read-



ing a book on a subject that's new to you? Antiques? Bull-fighting? Yogi? Learn a new game—why not chess? It doesn't take a genius. Do something really different this summer and you'll

discover a surprising thing: your vacation will leave you feeling relaxed and refreshed as you've never been before. Whatever

you do, wherever you do it, you'll find Seagram's 7 Crown

part of the summer scene.



And with drinks, too, a vacation gives you a chance to try something different...

Let 7 Crown widen your world of taste

Have you tasted chilled orange juice with 7 Crown? You should. A jigger to a tall glass of

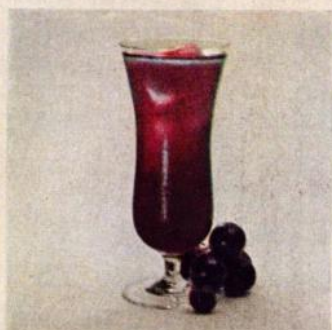


juice. Simple but fabulous.

For grape juice with 7 Crown use the same recipe as above. Grape juice never tasted so good. Here's a

refreshing departure in summer cocktails: apple juice with 7 Crown, 1½ oz. of each: just

shake with ice, strain. Or try that exotic combination, the Explorer: shake pineapple-grapefruit juice and 7 Crown (half-and-half) with ice, pour, add tonic water to fill. Try all these exciting new drinks. And don't forget the old



favorites. Anywhere you go on vacation,

enjoy 7 Crown and Seven-up, a highball of incomparable flavor. Another frosty delight



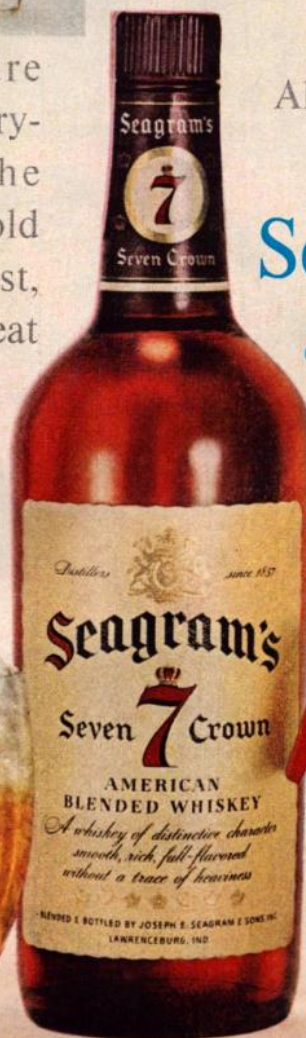
you're sure to find everywhere is the crackling cold 7 Crown Mist, America's great whiskey over cracked ice.



And of course, there's the famous 7 Crown Collins. Remember, it's the taste of 7 Crown, so good all by itself, that makes these drinks taste their icy best.

All summer long...

say
Seagram's
and be
Sure



Computers can talk by telephone, too

More and more, "machine talk" is being transmitted over the same communications facilities that carry your everyday telephone conversations. The Western Electric Data-Phone set shown below helps make it possible. It converts machine language — from punched cards, paper tape or magnetic tape — into tone language for transmission over the nation-wide telephone network.

It is the versatility and reliability of this communications network that permits machines to "talk" with each other no matter what the distance between them. They can, because

the entire Bell Telephone network was designed and built to common standards by people with a common purpose — ever-better telephone service.

Example: Data-Phone service. Alert to the evolving communications needs of our fast-changing society, the Bell Telephone companies foresaw the need for a new service to speed the transmission of business and technical data. Bell Telephone Laboratories developed the instrumentalities. And Western Electric makes them to stringent quality standards.

Our shared responsibility for ever-better telephone service is the force behind innovations which have brought Americans the finest — and the most — communications anywhere.

We work best because we work together.




Western Electric



Manufacturing and Supply

Unit of the Bell System



One of the best
trotters in the world
is a very

nervous horse

called Kracovie, who
lives in
(where else?) France.
Kracovie is so
high-strung that only
the constant
presence of a very

calm goat

called (what else?)
Brigitte prevents her
from fidgeting
away her strength
before a race begins.

continued

Photographed by MARVIN NEWMAN

take a
closer look at
protection in action!
you'll see
how you save
with

FARMERS MUTUAL

homeowners coverage

How costly is "smoke and water damage" at a time like this? Your Farmers Mutual agent knows! He has seen even small fires cause BIG damage to homes and contents. ■■ More important, he knows that fire is not your only threat! The "packaged protection" he offers in a single policy gives this 4-way coverage: (1) residence fire (2) contents fire (3) residence theft (4) family liability. ■■ The cost? Often less than you may now be paying for fire and extended coverage alone, or a savings up to 30% on similar separate policies. ■■ Take a closer look and you'll see at a glance, it's Farmers Mutual Homeowners policy for safety, and savings!.

**FARMERS
MUTUALS**
AMERICAN FAMILY
INSURANCE



AUTO • FIRE • THEFT • LIABILITY • HOMEOWNERS • HEALTH • LIFE
FARMERS MUTUAL AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO. • AMERICAN FAMILY LIFE INSURANCE CO. • MADISON 1, WIS.



NERVOUS HORSE continued

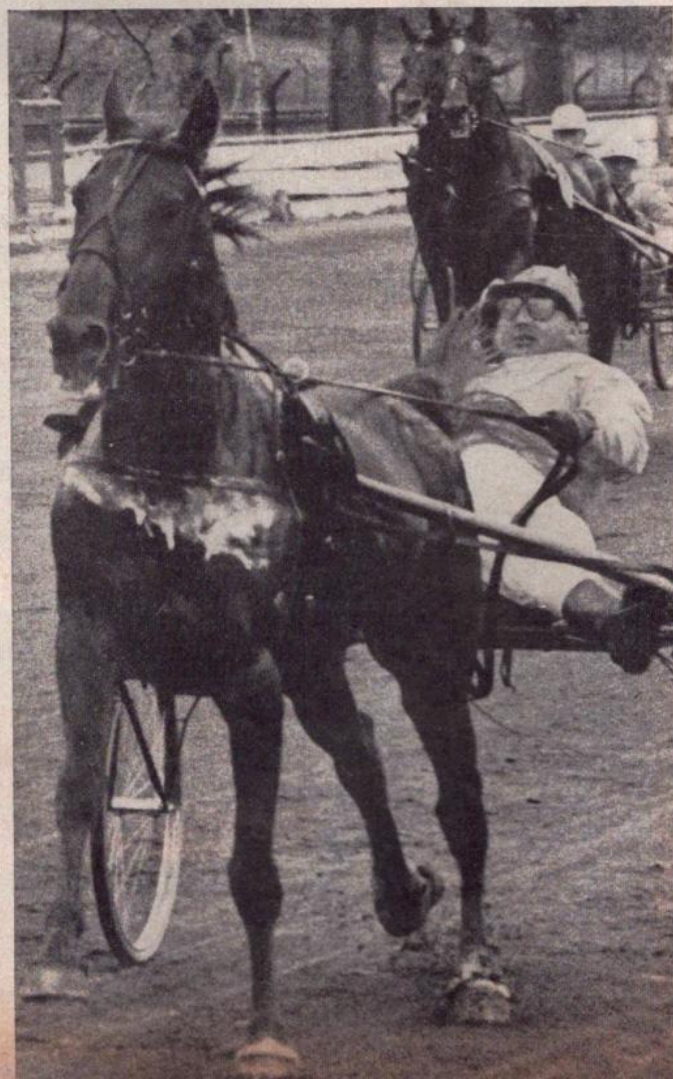
Brigitte and Kracovie meet a young admirer as they take a walk near their stable in Joinville-le-Pont, a suburb of Paris.

When Brigitte appeared, Kracovie became a better racer

FOOD AND FRIENDSHIP have made a winner of Kracovie, a French trotter so fidgety that she used to lose most of her races. Last year, owner Raoul Van Rillas and driver Roger Vercruysse decided that a companion would steady her nerves, and a goat with the good Gallic name of Brigitte entered Kracovie's stall. So did a new diet. The horse now eats salad greens, carrots, oats, milk and eggs mixed with charcoal, and sometimes a basket of artichokes. Vercruysse says, "She has a nervous stomach. So do I. I eat the same—without the oats, of course." Now calm and well-fed, they win races.

continued

Kracovie (winning, below) is scheduled to run in the International Trot at New York's Roosevelt Raceway this summer.



Now... Thrifty-paks of Falstaff Beer!

There's Light-hearted living in Light-hearted Falstaff... and money saved when you get Falstaff in Thrifty-paks of new, compact Glass Cans. With no deposit, no return, bottled beer enjoyment of light-hearted Falstaff! Alive with taste that comes right from the heart of choicest ingredients. For light-hearted living at its best and thriftiest, pick up Falstaff Thrifty-paks.



it hasta be SHASTA



peak of
flavor

71

HAVE
ONE ON
US!

FREE

WITH THIS COUPON A CAN OF SHASTA

TO DEALER: This coupon will be redeemed for your retail price of one can of Shasta, plus 2c for handling, provided you and your customer have complied with all terms of this offer. Invoices proving purchases of sufficient stock to cover coupons presented for redemption must be shown upon request. Coupon is not transferable, nor assignable. The customer must pay any sales tax. Offer void in any locality where prohibited, taxed or licensed. Misuse constitutes fraud. Cash value 1/20 of 1¢. To secure prompt payment, mail to: Coupon Redemption Service, Bank of America, P. O. Box 3509, San Francisco 20, Calif.

VOID AFTER
AUGUST 31, 1962

TAKE ME TO YOUR GROCER!



NERVOUS HORSE continued

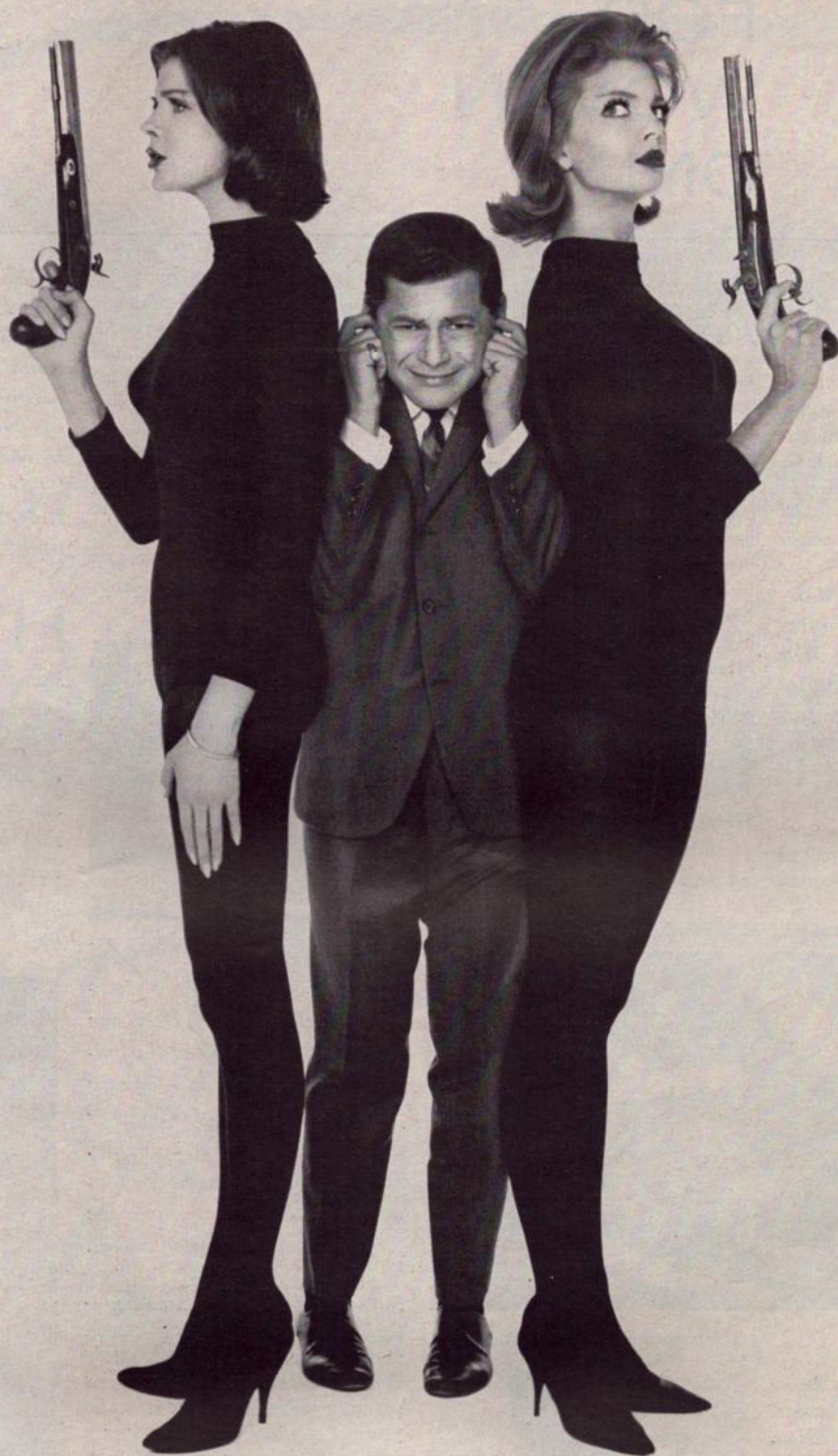


With the goat's help, Kracovie has become one of the leading trotters in Europe.

Brigitte can't come here

Kracovie's owner will have to find a new friend for her when she visits America this summer for U. S. health laws bar foreign goats. **END**





...and all because he used two dabs!

We warned him: don't use two dabs of BRYLCREEM. Just one little dab is all you need to put life into dry, lifeless hair. One dab of BRYLCREEM makes a man's hair so excitingly clean, so disturbingly healthy no gal can resist him. But two dabs! We refuse to be responsible.



FOR WOMEN ONLY

An American tradition—the dirty white sneaker—is being replaced by bright new models, in unusual colors, patterns, leathers and fabrics. Pictured below, from left, are a “leopard-skin” sneaker and a pair with a nautical motif, both from Mr. Sneakers. The two other styles shown, from Sandler of Boston, are in black patent and gold-grained leather. Top junior jet-set color: rocket beige.

Ermitage Restaurant in Manhattan's chic East 50's offers happy relief to the "For Men Only" luncheon trade. Males are served on a balcony, can ogle females lunching below.

A NEW supermarket cart plays music and announces store bargains. If the cart is taken out of store area, a foghorn alarm sounds.

A sprightly sampling of spring sneakers, from "leopard skin" to gold-grained leather.



TV's *Matty's Funnies With Beany and Cecil* has inspired a whimsical “Beany-Copter” hat for children. Made of red plastic, it has a yellow cord that fits under the chin. When the cord is pulled, it releases a disk on top of the hat and sends it whirling into the air. Each hat comes with two disks, and each disk contains a compartment for secret messages. Mattel, the toy's maker, predicts that children will flip their lids over the high-flying novelty. Tab: \$1.25.

Changing top-to-toe fads: fancy footwear ... plastic lid flippers

Acclaimed as the finest display of lace in the world, the antique lace collection of Iklé and Jacoby, the late Swiss lace and embroidery manufacturers, is now touring the U. S. for the first time. The exhibition offers a comprehensive survey of the history of lace, from its 16th-century origin to the present. Visitors can see the display through June 15 at the Cleveland (Ohio) Museum of Art.

White House, take note: From Germany come iron rockers (bottom), which, mounted on a chair, convert it into a rocker.

New imports make straight chairs rock.



“You may lose your keys, but you'll never lose your buttons,” promises Emerson-Pryne, manufacturers of a new tamper-proof, push-button door lock. Called the “Combo-Lock,” it's jam-proof and weatherproof, too, can be operated by fingertip alone. If keys are forgotten, one has only to push one or more of five buttons in a preset order and turn the knob to release the lock. The combination can be changed—only by the owner—to more than a thousand variations.



Not a mad dog, but a washable one.

THE dog above is not frothing at the mouth. He is one of a new line of stuffed toy animals made of “Sherpa”—a fluffy pile fabric that permits hand or machine washing and drying. The dog can be shampooed in an automatic laundry or take the plunge when his master bathes.

Still another American tradition—the separate shirt collar for men—is vanishing. Van Heusen, men's shirt manufacturer, is ending its separate-collar line after over 60 years of production. Thus fades a custom that began in 1827 with Mrs. Hannah Lord Montague of Troy, N. Y. Tired of washing *all* of her husband's shirts when only the collars were soiled, she snipped off the collars and created an American first. In 1924, Van Heusen sold 24 million separate collars a year; in 1961, the sales of separate collars declined to a trifling 18,000.

Palisades Amusement Park near Fort Lee, N. J., recently opened its 65th season with a “National Romance Week.” The occasion prompted the addition of more attractions dedicated to romance: “The Dark Ride,” “The African Jungle Land Ride,” “The Lake Placid Bob” and “The Cake Walk.”


HOWARD Barker, coproducer, set and costume designer of off-Broadway's longest-running original musical, *Little Mary Sunshine*, now has copies of some of his costumes in retail stores. Made by Tempo Lingerie, they include the nightgown and camisole-pantaloons pajamas modeled below by Joleen Fodor and Kathy Leake of the musical.



Musical's costumes become nightwear.

“Be-kind-to-crustaceans” note: Crabs, lobsters die painlessly if started at low heat (104°), then brought to a boil to cook.

END

Start your day a little bit better with a cereal fresh from 



Quick toasted



to capture that



fresh corn flavor!





PEOPLE LIKE YOU LIKE SUNNY BROOK!

People with a taste for today's good living, people like you—like Sunny Brook. This flawless Kentucky whiskey has a nation-wide reputation for superb taste. Sunny Brook is so fine, it has a World's Fair Grand Prize to its credit. You can even buy the type of whiskey you prefer. Choose the mild, smooth straight bourbon or the extra mild blend. The prices are surprisingly reasonable. Yes, people like you like Sunny Brook. Try it.



How do you like your whiskey?

Smooth and mild?
BUY THE STRAIGHT

Smooth and extra mild?
BUY THE BLEND

THE OLD SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY • KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 86 PROOF • KENTUCKY BLENDED WHISKEY 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

PHOTOQUIZ

Laurel and Hardy delighted two generations with their films. Here are scenes from ten. Using the list below, name the films. Score 10 for each correct answer. A score of 60 is passing; 70, good; 80 or more, excellent.

1 Photoquiz—Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Canada.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 92.



2



3



4



5



6

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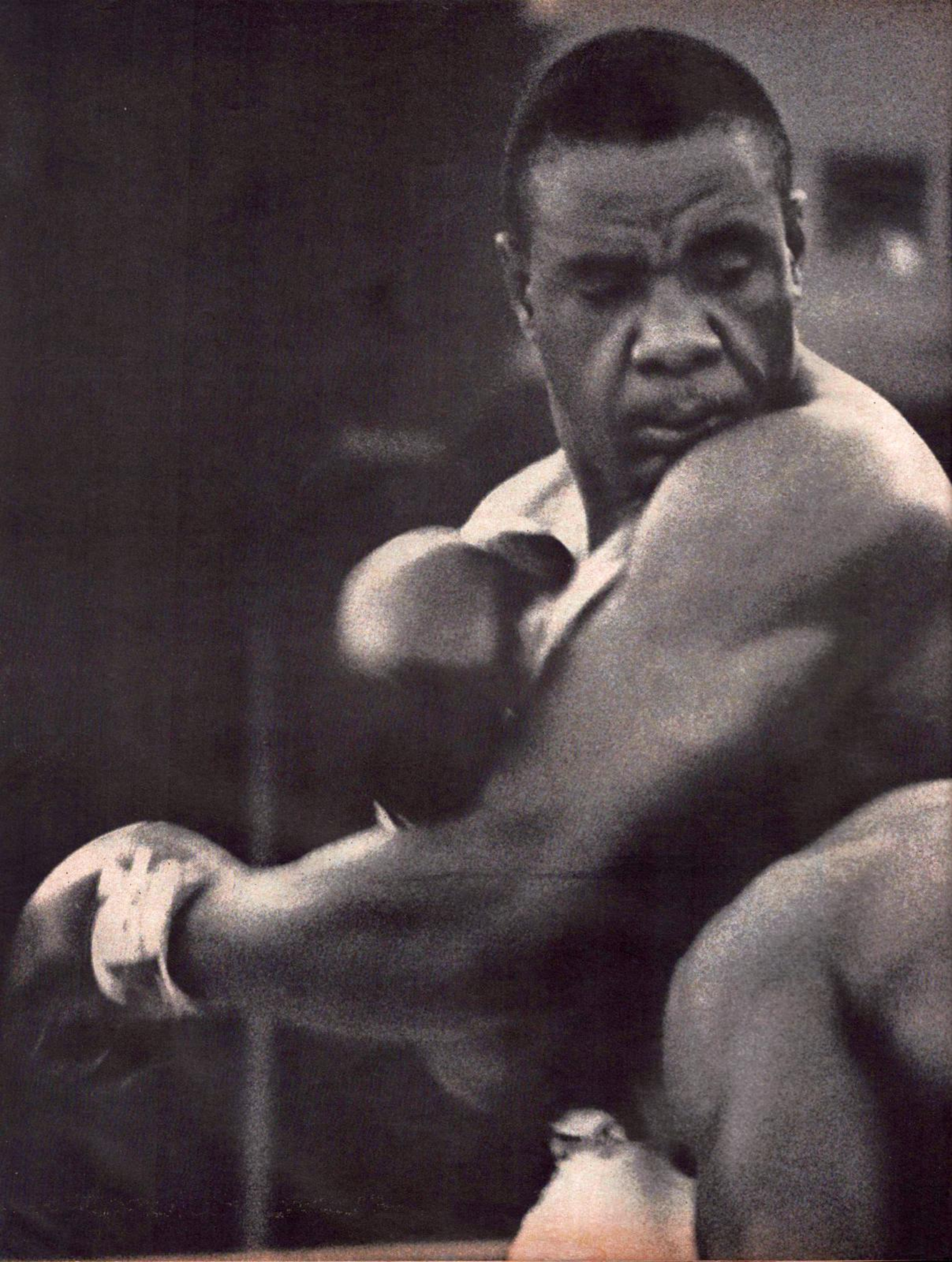
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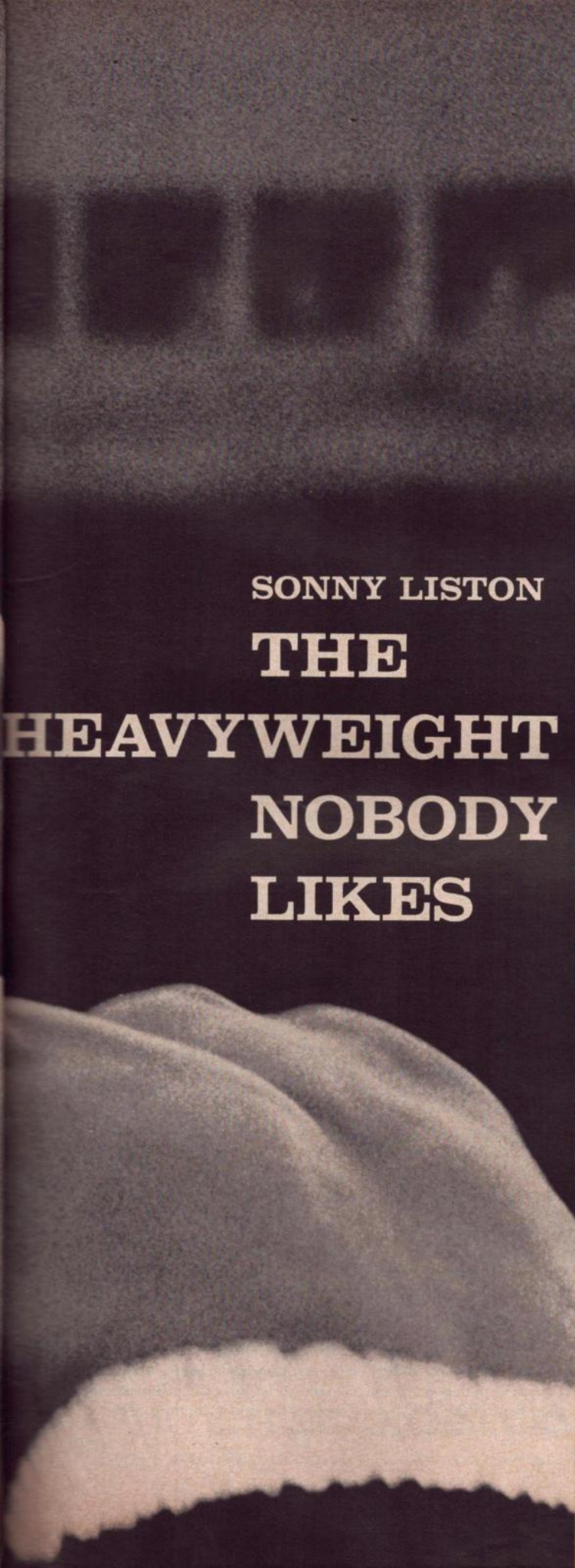
9

10

- A—Swiss Miss
- B—Pardon Us
- C—Saps at Sea
- D—Jitterbugs
- E—Bonnie Scotland
- F—County Hospital
- G—Way Out West
- H—Babes in Toyland
- I—The Devil's Brother
- J—A Chump at Oxford







SONNY LISTON THE HEAVYWEIGHT NOBODY LIKES

THE TRAGIC death of Benny (Kid) Paret in April, ten days after he was battered into a coma at New York's Madison Square Garden, stirred an international moral scrutiny of boxing. The results of that scrutiny were as predictable as Paret's death: censure by the Vatican, token reaction by state assemblies. The prize ring remains, with our tacit approval, to reflect our own morality.

Many concerned people see one looming figure as a symbol of all that may be dangerous, yet brutally fascinating, about the fight game. He is Charles (Sonny) Liston, the massive, somber-faced ex-convict from Philadelphia, whom early odds favored to win the world's heavyweight championship in a controversial bout with Floyd Patterson next September.

Viewed solely as a prizefighter, Liston has nothing controversial about him. He is big and immensely powerful. He has neither the guile of an Archie Moore nor the polished artistry of a Sugar Ray Robinson. But his great strength, his surprising grace and his skillful combination of neck-snapping left and murderous right would have been a severe test for the Joe Louis of 1938. Liston's ring record is uncontroversial, to the point of monotony; he has beaten everyone he has ever faced. He has knocked out 23 of his 34 opponents, without ever having been floored himself. He has a license to box and owes no unpaid debt to society. Not even the bitterness of Liston's enemies will deny the legitimacy of his claim to a championship fight, so long as we allow boxing at all.

But Liston's past and the metronomic regularity of his difficulties with the law have earned him many enemies. Overriding opinion, particularly among influential sports columnists, holds that he has placed himself beyond the redemption historically offered by boxing to men who have strayed. An opposing view is held by the few close friends, and fewer journalists, who have managed to poke through his reticence and know him well. They find an honest, touching side to the boxer and see him as a basically decent man, who, until recently, was cast as one of life's losers by circumstances he could neither control nor fully comprehend.

Charles Liston was born on May 8, 1933, in a rickety backwoods shack near Pine Bluff, Ark. He was one of the 25 children of a field hand. At 13, he fled to St. Louis, where he enrolled himself in the first grade and was immediately laughed out by classmates for his size and country mannerisms. At 18, illiterate and bitter after a hand-to-mouth existence in the back streets of St. Louis, he was sentenced to five years in the Missouri State Penitentiary for armed robbery. He was paroled in the care of Father Alois Stevens, a prison chaplain who perceived innate good in him. But a few years later, Liston was back in prison, following a fight with a policeman. While in St. Louis, Liston was picked up for "questioning" over a hundred times and arrested 15 times on charges ranging from breach of the peace to suspicion of theft—all without conviction. On the two occasions he was convicted, he served a total of 38 months.

In 1958, he and his wife moved to Philadelphia. Liston's reputation followed him. Every time he was cautioned for speeding or a patrolman warned him off the sidewalk in front of the gym where he trains, the sports pages carried elaborate stories of another brush with the law.

Let us examine part of the journalistic coverage of Liston's two most recent arrests and follow them to their final disposition in court.

Early on the morning of June 12, 1961, Liston and a friend were driving to the site of their regular morning roadwork. At 3 a.m., they were arrested on five counts charging them with pursuing a woman through a Philadelphia park while impersonating police officers. The next day, columnist Dan Parker of the New York *Mirror* reported the allegations in a column headlined: "Liston Proves Himself Unworthy of Title Shot." By Parker's account, Liston, an "unregenerate bad actor," had been "looking for trouble," found it and sped away at "about 100 miles per hour." By

continued

**A champion's
crown
may yet
rest above
the troubled
face of
Sonny Liston**

His communication problem with writers has hurt plenty

August 2, however, only two counts remained, and Justice Victor H. Blanc, in full possession of the facts, discounted one, leaving the sole charge of "driving without lights." Blanc termed Liston's actions "a simple matter, blown out of all proportion." And two months later, Judge Joseph A. Gold dismissed the final charge, noting that if Liston hadn't been involved, the whole case would have been disposed of in a magistrate's court.

Sometime later, New York Times columnist Arthur Daley reported that Liston, the "cop hater," had brazenly defied a policeman to arrest him for loitering. Daley gave no explanation of the circumstances. Here is the account of Morton Witkin, an attorney for 44 years who served as majority and minority leader of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives (Witkin represented Liston in this case): "Sonny was signing autographs, when the officer, James Best, who didn't recognize him, told him to move along. Sonny refused and was taken to the police station. There, the desk sergeant recognized him, heard his story and dismissed the incident as a misunderstanding. Sonny, who can be strong-willed to a fault, wanted a

lift back. 'The red car brought me here,' he said. 'Let the red car take me back.' That was the remark they locked him up for." The case was dismissed.

Liston's bad press relations date back to the post-fight interviews of his earliest years in the ring. Sportswriters, elbowing their way into his dressing room, were greeted by the sight of a great, brooding man, with sweat pouring down his forehead into impassive eyes and with his face set in a mask of sullen hostility. Their questions drew shrugs, grunts and mumbles, and a few of them recognized the defensive affecta-



A perfunctory handshake between Liston and Patterson sets the tone for their long-awaited meeting in September.

tions of a man who had never learned to handle the words they were impatiently piling upon him. Many reporters considered these interviews as "bad copy" and devoted their space instead to more and more elaborate recounts of what was known: the mauled cop in St. Louis, Liston's penitentiary training for the fight game and, most titillating of all, the sinister underworld characters who were allegedly behind him.

When Sonny Liston, fresh from his second prison term, hit the St. Louis fight scene, his contract was soon taken over by Joseph (Pep) Barone, whom a Senate subcommittee later fingered as front man for some of boxing's most unsavory dilettantes: John Vitale of St. Louis and Frank (Blinky) Palermo of Philadelphia. The identities of these men were brought closer to the fore as Sonny rose to contention rating, and in 1960, he was subpoenaed to explain his ownership before the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee. Chairman Estes Kefauver, after a lengthy questioning of Liston, observed that there "was a lot of good in him" and advised that he purge himself.

Liston did purge himself, to the satisfaction of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission. With most of his \$30,000 savings account and a sum to be paid out of future earnings, he bought his own contract from Barone, ostensibly his sole owner. Whom Barone may have been covering for has never been proved. Whether, in fact, he was a cover man for Vitale and Palermo is a question of continued speculation. Liston's new manager is Jack Nilon, a Chester, Pa., businessman. Nilon, who has never been closer to boxing than the food-concession booths he owns, was recommended to Liston by Father Edward Murphy, a Colorado Jesuit who

met Sonny two years ago. Father Murphy took an immediate liking to him, and when last summer's trouble erupted, he volunteered his help. Those are two of the men around Liston. A third is his attorney, Morton Witkin.

"It's hardly possible to dislike Sonny once you know him," says Witkin, "and you can't know him in five minutes. He's a very complex man. I think, though, that, despite his background, he is rising to the standards expected of a champion. The law still says that a man is innocent until proved guilty, and Sonny hasn't been proved guilty of anything for a long time."

If anything, Witkin underrated the complexity of Liston's personality. As suspicious and withdrawn as he is with strangers, he is good-natured and trustful with those who have won his confidence. When he laughs, which he does often, easily and infectiously, it is hard to recall the icy glower he displays at weigh-ins and contract signings. He does not drink. Infrequently, these days, he sinks into a black pocket of gloom that even his wife Geraldine cannot coax him out of, although there is little else she cannot do. Semiliterate for several years, Liston has become addicted to television. He will watch one of the four sets in his home for hours, but when Geraldine Liston says, "Go to the store," Sonny puts on his hat and goes to the store. He owns an unadorned blue Ford, he supports no entourage of hangers-on, he is home early each evening and is tight with his money. One exception to his frugality was the airline ticket to Rochester, N. Y., he bought last April 7. The trip was to referee a benefit match for the Catholic missions. Liston's activities got little notice in the press.

Only a few people know this side of Sonny Liston. Many others believe that a man who has so often been embroiled in controversy cannot have much good in him. The latter feeling, strongly weighted by force of numbers, has hurt. Liston has been the No. 1 heavyweight contender for over two years. Most of that time, Floyd Patterson was protected from him by a tightly wound cocoon of return-bout clauses with Ingemar Johansson, rated number three in September, 1960. When they were unraveled, Floyd's manager, Cus D'Amato, affected righteous horror that a man of Liston's reputation was being considered for contention. Liston believes Patterson himself wanted the fight all along. "But that Cus," he says. "If he had his way, I couldn't even buy a ticket to watch Patsy (his pet name for Patterson) fight."

Notwithstanding D'Amato's concern for unsullied opposition to Patterson (who, ironically, profited from his own stint in a "boy's school" and who has also experienced the managerial troubles that haunt young boxers), the fight is now settled for late summer—but not in New York, which has refused Liston a license. Liston will receive 12½ per cent of the proceeds, instead of the usual 20 per cent. The short cut, however, has dimmed none of the joy in Liston's camp. "Twelve and a half per cent of the Liston-Patterson gate?" says a trainer. "That's a lot of tin. Anyway, Sonny's going to be champ for a long time."

Sonny has kept his awesome physique finely tuned through all the troubles and is confident of victory. Both he and Patterson are stand-up fighters; neither slugs well from a crouch or while backing away. Patterson has too much pride to run openly from Liston, as Eddie Machen did for 12 rounds. Yet Floyd knows that everyone who ever stood toe-to-toe with Liston and tried to slug it out has met swift disaster. Zora Folley went down in three rounds; so did Howard King. Albert Westphal lasted one minute and 58 seconds. Liston crumbled Roy Harris in one round—it took Patterson 12 to do the same. "Patsy's sure fussing about the rematch clause," says Sonny. "That proves something to me."

To Sonny Liston's way of thinking, the championship is tangible—a thing he can grasp in his 14-inch fists, knowing he has something real. Popularity ratings are intangible and to be regarded philosophically: "I'm the bad guy—OK, people want to think that, let them. Only . . . bad guys are supposed to lose. I change that. I win."

END

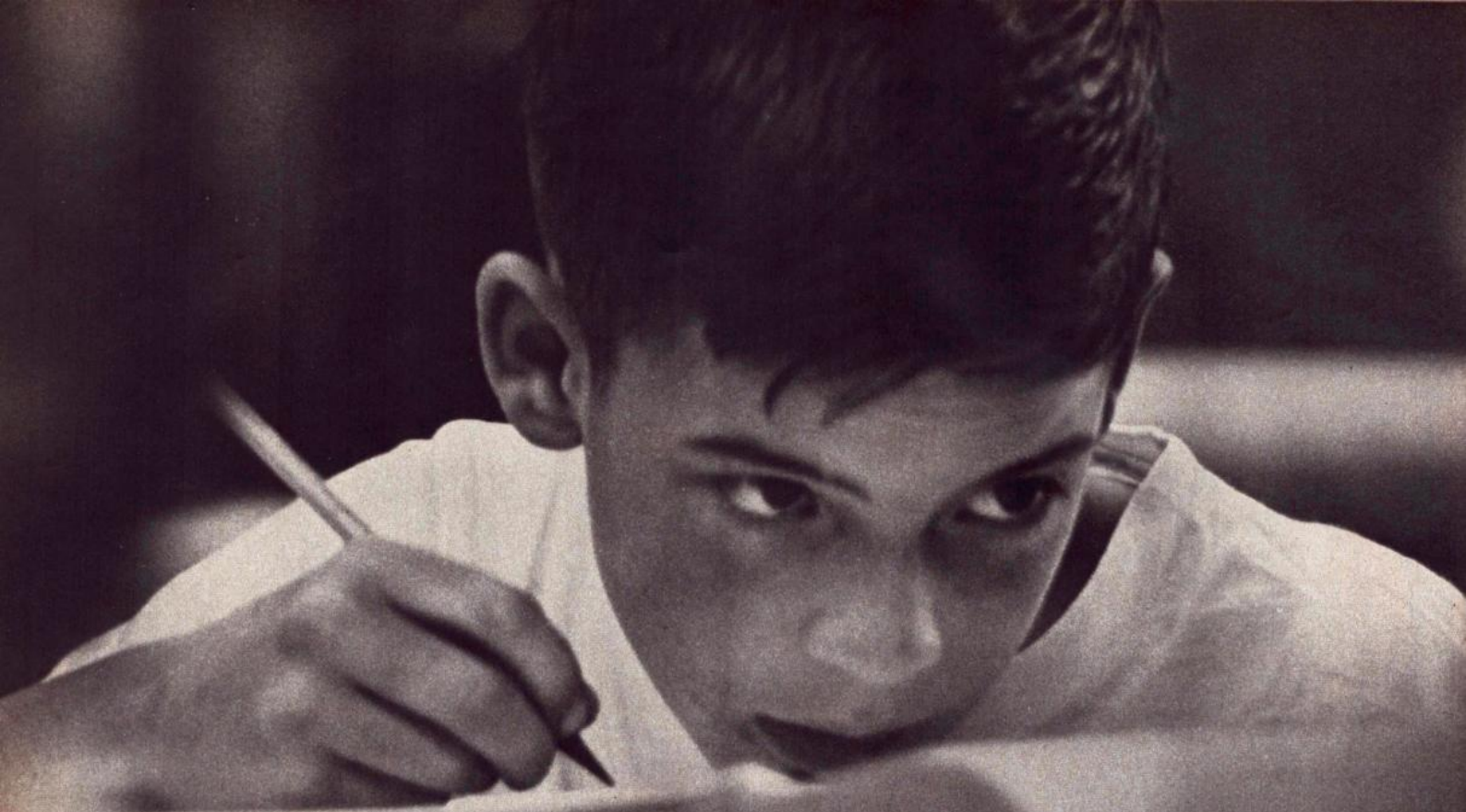


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EARLY TIMES



A new discovery
called "programmed
instruction"
is bringing about a

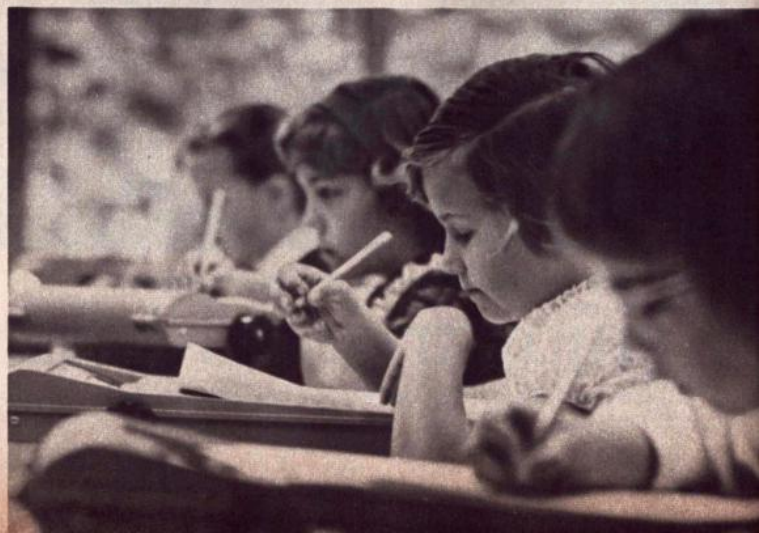
REVOLUTION IN EDUCATION

BY GEORGE B. LEONARD LOOK SENIOR EDITOR

EDUCATION in the United States stands on the brink of a fundamental change. A new scientific discovery called "programmed instruction" is already well on its way toward revising age-old ideas of how people can best be taught everything from spelling to psychology, from music to higher mathematics. All across the U.S.—in great universities, in huge industrial centers, in hastily improvised "laboratories," in hillside shacks—men and women of a new breed called "programmers" are working day and night to perfect a teaching technique that may revolutionize the nation's schools. To check on the new discovery, LOOK

continued

In a trial of programmed instruction, fifth graders at Vieja Valley School, near Santa Barbara, Calif., work with teaching machines.





Sizzle-burgers. Mix 1 pound ground beef, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Kraft Barbecue Sauce and 1 teaspoon salt. Shape into patties and grill until brown on both sides, brushing frequently with barbecue sauce.

New Kraft Barbecue Sauce simmers real cook-out flavor right into the meat!

It's made with 19 herbs and spices! When that sauce starts to simmer, the savory flavor seeps all through the hamburgers. Choose regular Kraft Barbecue Sauce or new Hickory Smoke flavored. Even better idea—try both.





One student did a semester's work in four days

has visited top men in the field of programmed instruction, examined their work and tried out several of their new educational devices.

As in the early stages of all great revolutions, "the situation is fluid": methods differ; personalities clash. Nevertheless, all those interviewed are aflame with a single sense of excitement and optimism. In candid discussions, their optimism explodes into such statements as these:

—Programmed instruction will prove to be the most significant innovation in education since the invention of the book.

—It will show us that the average human being now is using only a tiny proportion of his true ability. When programmed instruction is perfected, "average" students will finish a year's course in, say, algebra within a half year or less. (Some already have done that.)

—Differences in ability, especially on the low side of the scale, will tend to shrink. Many children now thought of as slow learners are merely victims of inefficient teaching and poor motivation. Programmed instruction will lead them gently and painlessly into the mainstream of our educational process.

—Most classroom behavior problems will vanish.

—Teachers will be freed from the tedious, soul-sapping chore of drumming in basic skills and memory work. They will get, in exchange, the dignity — and the challenge — of a new role, similar to that of teaching a college seminar.

—Programmed instruction will become a powerful instrument for bringing literacy and technological skills to people of underdeveloped nations. Here, American programming experience should give us a commanding lead over Russia.

—It will find many other uses: in retraining adult workers and technicians; in helping dropouts get back in school; in teaching leisure-time skills to adults.

—Most important, programmed instruction gives us, for the first time in history, a tool for applying the scientific method to the process of education.

The men making these buoyant claims are mostly psychologists by trade. But their ideas have the backing of hardheaded, profit-minded businessmen. This year, more than 100 private concerns are investing several million dollars in various forms of programmed instruction. Conservative investment analysts predict that sales of their products may exceed \$100 million a year by 1970. Other experts feel that this estimate is far too low.

Exactly what is programmed instruction? Since it is linked with "teaching machines," many people

feel that it must be mysterious and complex. This is far from true. The idea behind programmed instruction may be hard to grasp, not because it is so complicated, but because it is so simple. The most striking thing about the new technique is how much it differs from the kind of teaching people have been accustomed to for centuries. Here is how it generally works:

1. The student is given information in tiny, easy-to-digest bits, only a sentence or a short paragraph at a time.

2. The information is arranged in logical order, with each step building on those that came before. The first steps are very easy. They become more difficult so gradually that the student is hardly aware of it. This arrangement is called a "program."

3. At each step, the student writes his answer; he participates actively in the learning process.

4. He is shown the correct answer immediately, so that he can compare it with his own.

5. Most programs are written and pretested to insure that almost all students will get about 95 per cent of the answers right. This, according to programmers, makes learning a pleasure, not a threat, and leads students to learn faster and remember longer.

6. Each student works individually, at his own rate of speed.

7. The program (on paper or microfilm) may be loaded into a teaching machine. This is simply a box about the size of a portable record player. The student turns a knob to bring each step or "frame" before a window in the face of the box. He writes in his answer to the frame, pulls a lever to uncover the correct answer, then goes on to the next frame. A program may also be presented in book form. This can be done by printing the frames one beneath the other, with the correct answers at the side of the frames. The answers are covered with a slider (or a ruler or sheet of paper), which the student slides down after he has written each one of his own answers.

How does programmed instruction work in an actual school system? To find out, LOOK visited Roanoke, Va., where the nation's largest test of the new technique is now in its second full school year. This term, more than 2,000 Roanoke junior-high and high-school students are taking at least one programmed class in either mathematics or language. They are using programs in book form put out by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc.

The Roanoke experiment started out with a bang. In 1960, 34 eighth graders finished off a year's ninth-grade algebra in a half year with no

homework—then tested out at a ninth-grade level.

Since then, a majority of students using programmed material have outperformed their conventionally schooled mates, even in rigorously controlled classes where the teacher was forbidden to give them any help. Now, the "experimental" aura has faded. Teachers and students have accepted the new technique as a fact of school life.

Classes are of normal size. In a typical programmed math class, the students are working silently and steadily, reading a frame, writing an answer, moving the slider to check their answer, then going on to the next frame. An almost hypnotic silence pervades the room. Every now and then, a student raises his hand, and the teacher goes to help him or calls the student to his desk. "More than 90 per cent of my time is spent in individual teaching," math teacher Major Wells of Lucy Addison High School told LOOK.

Some students race ahead of others. Roanoke teachers differ in their handling of this "problem." Harold Barron of Monroe Junior High has devised a set of "challenges," or advanced problems, for those who might leave the class behind.

Other teachers give fast students the reins and watch them fly. Last year, Mrs. Loetta Horton, Roanoke math coordinator, taught a programmed class of 21 seniors with good math ability. "During the year,"

LOOK, "I had a very slow class. I wasn't getting anywhere with them, so I asked permission to use a program. They started a month late with the program, but they've caught up to the regular schedule. I *know* programmed instruction is a salvation for these children. If a boy gets suspended, or just doesn't work for a week, when he starts on the program again, he has lost nothing. In a conventional class, he would have been completely lost and would have become a nuisance. These children go slowly, but they learn something. And then, too," Mrs. McCabe added wistfully, "my stomach isn't hurting every day at the end of *this* class."

"I know I'm behind," said one boy, who was lagging in a programmed algebra class of average ability, "but I understand everything I've done. This thing"—he looked at his programmed book—"leads you up to every step. It won't just throw something at you. I never understood math before. Now, I've got it cold."

A few Roanoke students complain that they get bored while plugging away for long stretches on their programs. (Programmers admit that their early efforts were unnecessarily boring; now, they are adding humor and novelty.) Teachers break the workweek with occasional blackboard sessions and quizzes. For the most part, students and teachers at Roanoke are asking for more programmed classes.

The Roanoke experiment, while the largest, is only one of many programmed-instruction trials throughout the nation. The early results of most of these trials would seem to justify the programmers' bullish claims. But there are deeper questions for parents and teachers to look into before entrusting their children to a new kind of education. Where did it begin, and what is the theory behind it? How will it affect our schools? What are the possible dangers?

The current programming movement might be said to have begun on a parents' visiting day, November 11, 1953, in a Cambridge, Mass., school. There had been earlier, unsuccessful attempts to develop self-testing devices, but Dr. B. F. (Frederic) Skinner was not aware of them when he entered his daughter's fourth-grade class on that day. Like millions of other parents, the distinguished Harvard psychologist sat watching the teacher struggling to convey information to a roomful of youthful minds.

The subject was arithmetic. As the class dragged along at what seemed a snail's pace, Dr. Skinner became increasingly appalled, then suddenly quite angry. "Seeing the built-in inefficiency of the ordinary classroom situation," he told LOOK recently, "I

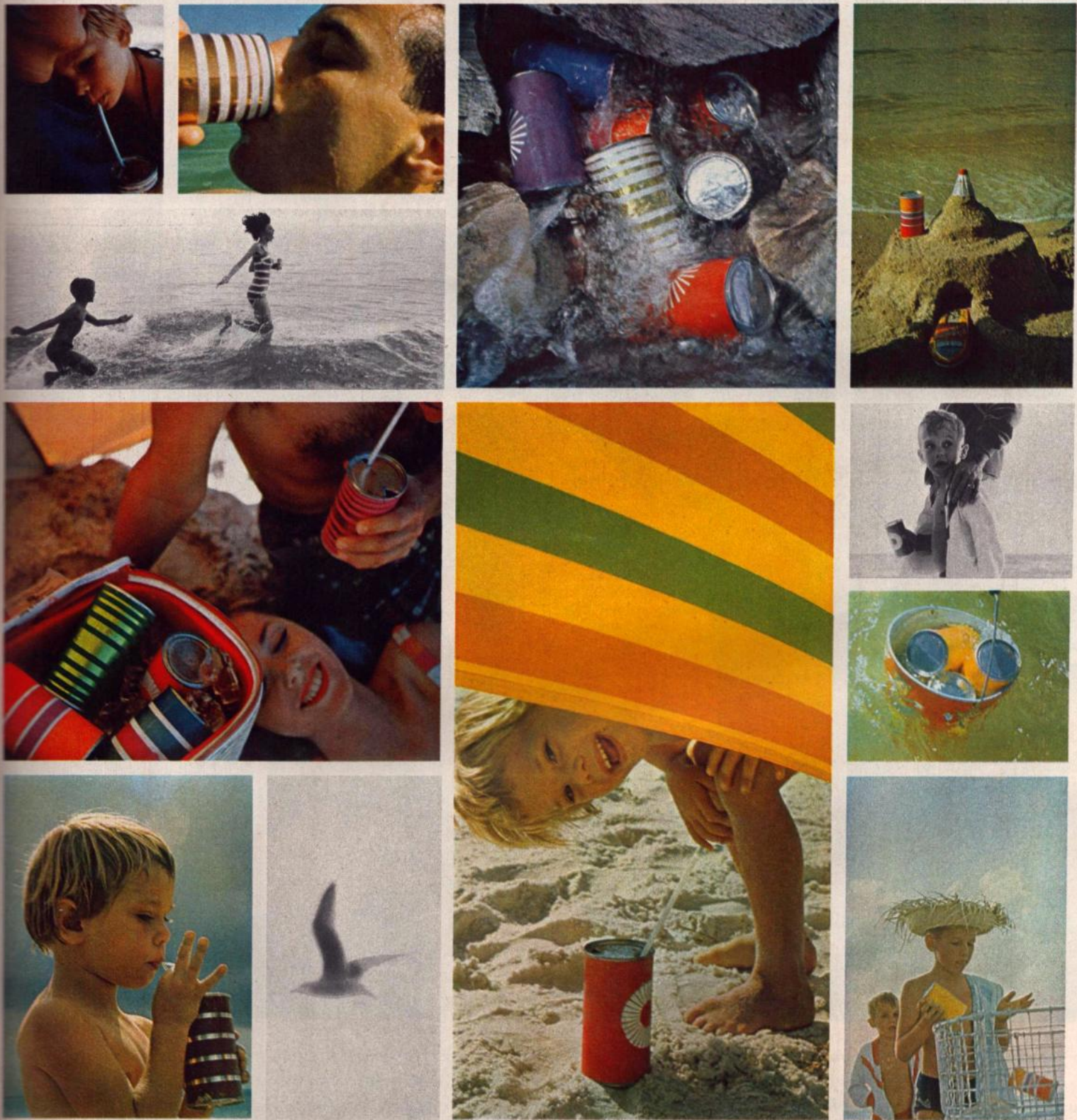
*You can try out
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See following pages.*

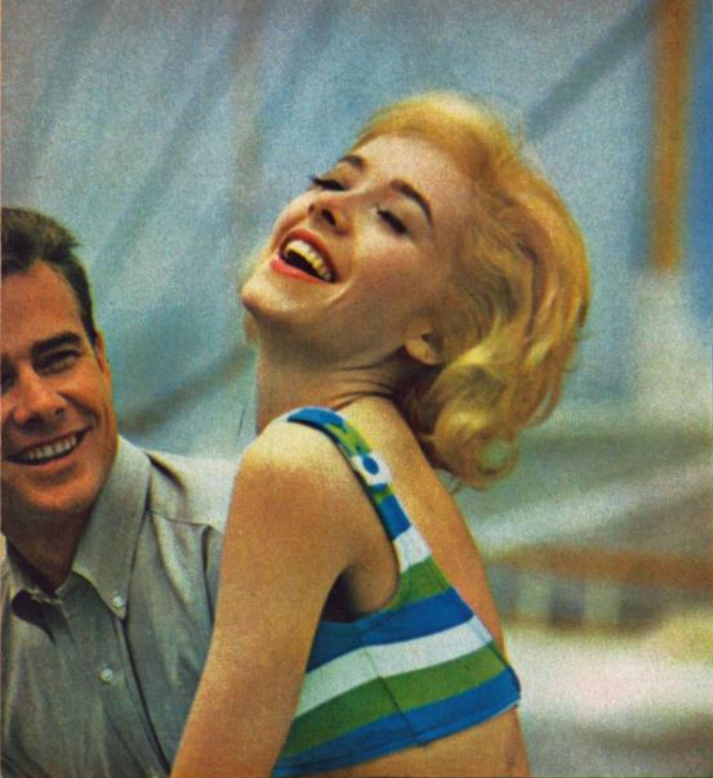
she said, "all of them finished axiomatic algebra. All finished solid geometry. All had some calculus, and five finished calculus. I gave one boy the solid-geometry course on a Friday afternoon. The following Friday, I said, 'It's about time I quizzed you on the first section of the course.' He said, 'Oh, I forgot to tell you. I finished it on Tuesday.' He had become fascinated and worked all weekend—*did a semester's work in four days*. I tested him on the entire course, and he made 100." "Fast kids," added math teacher Mrs. Martha Walden, "can just eat this stuff alive."

Slow learners? Programmed instruction is nothing less than a godsend, say Roanoke teachers. Mrs. Hester McCabe, an eighth-grade math teacher at Lee Junior High, told

Go... with soft drinks in cans

In summertime the outdoor living is easier when you take along soft drinks in cans. They're naturals for outings. Cans are easier to pack . . . less weight, less space. They chill faster, in your cooler at the beach or in some mountain stream. Don't worry about a few hard knocks . . . cans are easy-going but they like to rough it. When you buy provisions for your next trek, buy your favorite soft drink brands in cans. No deposit—no return.





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The Earth in space

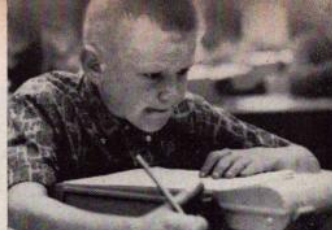
EDUCATION
continued

This is a sample of a new kind of teaching. It is not a test. Try it on your grade-school child, but first read the accompanying article, then return here. Cover the answers in the left column with a ruler or a sheet of paper. Have your child read the first question. Have him write the missing word in the blank space. Slide the ruler or sheet of paper down to check his answer. Then go on to the next question. Help your child with the first five questions. Let him finish the rest alone.

Cover this column
before starting

Universe	1. Men have explored the surface of the earth and traveled through space. With instruments, we have looked much farther into space than we can travel. We call all of space and everything in it THE UNIVERSE. Most of what we call The _____ is empty space.
Universe	2. Everything is in The Universe. All STARS are in The _____.
stars	3. A star is a huge flaming ball of gas. All _____ are in The Universe.
star	4. A huge flaming ball of gas is called a _____.
Universe	5. All stars are in The _____.
stars	6. The stars in The Universe are in large groups. These large groups of _____ are called GALAXIES.
stars	7. A galaxy is a large group of _____.
Universe	8. A large group of stars is called a galaxy. There are millions of galaxies in The _____.
The Universe	9. Which is larger—a galaxy/The Universe? (Underline the right answer)
stars	10. A large group of _____ is called a galaxy.
star	11. A _____ is a huge flaming ball of gas.
yes	12. There are millions of galaxies in The Universe. Our SUN is a star in the MILKY WAY GALAXY. Is the Milky Way Galaxy a part of The Universe? _____
galaxies	13. In The Universe there are millions of star groups called _____.
yes	14. Is our sun a star? _____
sun	15. Our _____ is one of the stars in the Milky Way Galaxy.
star	16. Nine PLANETS travel around the sun. Our sun is not a planet. It is a _____.
sun	17. Nine planets travel around the star which we call our _____.
sun	18. The word SOLAR means "belonging to the sun." The SOLAR SYSTEM is made up of one star which we call our _____ and the nine planets which travel around it.
Milky	19. The Solar System is in the _____ Way Galaxy.
Solar	20. Our sun is the center of the _____ System.
star	21. We live on the earth. The earth is a planet, but our sun is a _____.

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A child will learn better the more often he is right

wondered how any learning at all could take place. And I was angry at myself for not having applied my own work in psychology to the field of education even sooner."

It occurred to Dr. Skinner that—in spite of permissive discipline, colorful textbooks, green blackboards, movable desks and even TV, movies and tape recorders—our methods for imparting knowledge to students have remained fundamentally unchanged for over a century or more. And he was convinced he had the key to a method that would move education into the 20th century. With his usual crackling energy, Skinner hurried home and started working out ways to apply the science of learning, as he saw it, to the art of teaching.

The key to Dr. Skinner's new technique came from a series of animal experiments, mostly with pigeons and rats, but also with dogs, monkeys, apes and human beings. Through these experiments, Skinner had developed a technique for controlling and measuring the actions of animals almost as precisely as a physicist handles matter and energy. His chief tool is not punishment, but reward. Punishment can teach, Skinner found, but it causes emotional side effects (anxiety, neurosis) that eventually block learning. So he uses reward, but in a special way—precisely and in small, progressive steps.

As a demonstration of the technique that led to programming, Dr. Skinner will take only two or three minutes to teach a pigeon to turn around in a circle, not more than

seven or eight minutes to teach the bird to dance in a figure eight. His method is simple: The pigeon is hungry and has learned it will get a grain of corn whenever a food dispenser in the cage opens with a click. Skinner holds a switch that will open the dispenser. He watches the pigeon's random motions. He does not wait for it to turn all the way around, an unlikely event; he rewards any motion, *even the slightest*, that gets the pigeon nearer the final action desired. When the pigeon turns its head only a fraction to the right, Skinner quickly pushes the button, and the pigeon gets its food. Next time, the bird must turn its head a little farther to the right or shift its weight onto the right foot before being rewarded. One small step at a time, the pigeon learns to turn in a circle, then reverse itself and swing around the other way.

Skinner has worked up far more spectacular demonstrations: a pigeon pecking out tunes on a toy piano; two pigeons playing table tennis; two pigeons that will fight when a red light is turned on, dance when a green light is on, and eat to a white light. In a secret project during World War II, Skinner and his colleagues trained pigeons to guide a missile toward a ship by pecking at its image on a screen that controlled the missile's flight. The war ended before the pigeon-guided missile was used. More recently, Enos, the space chimp, was taught his orbital tasks by Skinnerian methods.

Dr. Skinner holds that learning—whether animal or human—is not a mysterious process during which something called "knowledge" is somehow transferred into something called "the mind." For Skinner, learning is simply a "change in behavior." A child who has learned "2 x 2 = 4" "behaves" in a different way from one who has not. When the teacher says "2 x 2," the child responds by saying (aloud or to himself), "4." He is rewarded by *being right*. Skinner rejects the notion that human learning must be rewarded by something external like a piece of candy or an academic prize. Learning itself can be reward enough. The more often a person is right and the quicker he knows it, the faster and better he learns.

Therefore, what most horrified Skinner about his daughter's class—and all conventional classroom situations—was the lack of frequent, direct and precise reinforcement of the child's natural tendency to learn. Children are told to work hard for some distant reward—a good grade, acceptance by a college, a successful career. But these events do not relate

continued

The sample of programmed instruction at the left was produced for Look by Sullivan Associates of Los Altos, Calif. It was rewritten several times after a series of trials with a total of 136 children. On the last tryout, 104 pupils in the third, fourth and fifth grades at San Francisco's McCoppin School averaged answers that were better than 95 per cent right. Says Dr. M. W. Sullivan, who supervised the writing of this program, "Bear in mind that this is only a small part of the introduction to our geography program. It is designed for fourth graders, but parents are invited to try it with any child who is able to read the questions. Although the concepts are relatively difficult, you may well discover that a younger child can learn—with pleasure—the material presented here."



The new method shows that hardly any children are dull

directly to the learning at hand. In the ordinary school situation, says Skinner, a child works mostly to escape a series of minor penalties—the disapproval of teachers or parents or fellow students, personal shame, *not* getting a good grade. He is rewarded when he gets something right; but, generally, he cannot be *sure* he is right until some time has passed. Hopefully, a quiz paper is graded overnight. Even so, the child is working on something else by the time he gets it back.

A good teacher tries to make sure every child understands every step along the way — a practically impossible task with two dozen or more children in tow. In a classroom, children usually get information in fairly large, hard-to-digest chunks. This reduces their chances to participate actively in the learning process and to know they are understanding what is being taught.

On any given day, the bright child may not be listening; he is bored. The “slow” child may not be listening; he is hopelessly discouraged. The sick child cannot listen; he is home in bed. A few such days in a subject as complex as algebra, and even the brightest child may be lost. Then, says Skinner, the glimpse of an algebraic symbol is likely to cause mostly guilt, anxiety or fear. And another child may be on the road to truancy, delinquency, dropout and a final place among the hordes of out-of-school, out-of-work youths.

How much better, reasoned Skinner, if every child could proceed at his own rate, in small steps, responding at every step, being hardly ever wrong and knowing immediately that he is right! If pigeons could be taught to guide a missile, what miracles of human learning—even with so-called “slow learners”—must lie ahead! Within a few months of visiting his daughter’s class, Dr. Skinner had built his first teaching machine. By 1958, he had perfected the type of machine described earlier, had written (with Dr. James G. Holland) a program for the machine and was using it to teach part of a Harvard psychology course.

Since then, teaching-machine companies have been sprouting by the dozens. From their efforts have come a bewildering array of gadgets, from cardboard boxes to electronic consoles hooked up with giant computers. Putting together the hardware for programmed instruction was comparatively easy. But when educators were called in to write material to go into the gadgets, a surprising thing happened: *Even the best teachers discovered they had much to learn about the learning process.*

Here, the new movement made its first and what may be its greatest contribution to education: It forced teachers to take the beginner’s point of view. It allowed them to measure the effectiveness of their teaching at every step along the way. And it showed them that present teaching methods—even in conventional classrooms—should be, and can be, vastly improved.


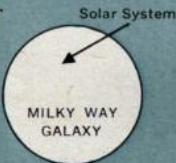
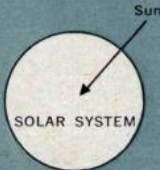
Programmed instruction has a built-in safeguard against muddled, incomplete, illogical teaching. After the material to be taught is broken down into small steps, it is tried out on students of the age and grade that will be using it. If more than a few students get any step wrong, that step, or those that precede it, are assumed to be inadequate and must be rewritten. Again and again, the program is tested and refined. Not only must it become nearly error-proof, it must also get somewhere. There is no great problem in writing a few steps that every student can get right—if the steps are so easy that they teach very little. Even here, the program tends to correct the programmer. If the program is merely marking time, the student will soon be *bored* into making mistakes.

Low IQ children do all right

Another surprise: Once a program has been fairly well perfected, it can be used for children whose age and IQ vary rather widely. In most trials so far, children with low IQs get just about as many right answers as do children rated high in intelligence, but they tend to go slower. In young children, even the difference in speed is less than might be expected. This finding bolsters those psychologists who have long held that few children are really dull. “The trouble is,” says Dr. Skinner, “that misguided parents and teachers too often kill the child’s natural inclination to learn.” In New York City, Basic Systems, Inc., a programming company, has been using unemployed high-school dropouts to test new programs. Says the company’s president, David Padwa, “These kids perform on the program just as well as students in school.”

Programmers quickly develop a unique attitude toward students. Dr. Stanley Sapon, a programming consultant in Palo Alto, Calif., says, “It used to be that, when we wrote a textbook, we were saying to the student, ‘Here is a repository of all my wisdom. If you don’t get it, you’re stupid.’ Now, when we write a program, we’re saying, ‘Here’s what I want to teach you. If you don’t get it, I’m stupid.’”

Under the glaring light of pro-
continued

star	22. The _____ which we call our sun is the center of the Solar System.
System	23. There are nine planets and one star in the Solar _____.
Way	24. The Solar System is in the Milky _____ Galaxy.
sun	25. Stars have light and heat of their own. Our _____ is a star.
earth	26. Our sun is a star, but our _____ is a planet.
Solar	27. There are nine planets in the _____ System.
heat	28. Planets receive their light and heat from the sun. They do not have light and _____ of their own.
sun	29. The earth is one of nine planets which travel around our _____.
nine	30. The Solar System is made up of one star and _____ planets. (How many?)
Milky	31. The Solar System is a tiny part of the _____ Way Galaxy.
Galaxy	32. But the Milky Way _____ is only a tiny part of The Universe.
Galaxy	33.  Make a dot with your pencil at the end of the arrow. If the circle stands for The Universe, the dot you made is much too large to stand for the Milky Way _____.
Solar	34.  Again make a dot at the end of the arrow. If the circle now stands for the Milky Way Galaxy, the dot is still much too large to stand for the _____ System.
the Milky Way Galaxy	35. Which is larger? —the Milky Way Galaxy/the Solar System?
sun	36.  Put a dot in the center of the circle. Now the circle stands for the Solar System. The dot at the center of the Solar System is still too large to stand for our _____.
earth	37. And our sun is over a million times larger than the planet _____ where we live.
larger	38. Our sun is not a large star. But it looks—larger/smaller—than the other stars because it is so close to us.
star	39. Our sun is the nearest _____.
Solar	40. Our sun is the center of the _____ System.
nine	41. The Solar System is made up of one star called the sun and _____ planets. (How many?)



Easy-Does-It Dishes *by you and Lipton Tomato Soup*

1 Superb Spaghetti Sauce: Simmer together, for 4 minutes: 1 envelope Lipton Tomato Soup Mix, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cold water, 3 tablespoons Wish-Bone Italian Dressing. Spoon over cooked spaghetti or your favorite pasta. Parmesan cheese adds a spicy touch.

2 Sunset Dip can be your next party sensation. Combine 1 envelope Tomato Soup Mix with 1 pint sour cream. Refrigerate. Dip in!

3 Tomato Dumplings make stew glamorous. Sift together 2 tbsp. Tomato Soup Mix, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sifted cake flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder. Cut in 1 tablespoon shortening and blend in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk. Spoon onto meat, cover and cook 15 minutes.

4 This is the soup that tastes like mother just cooked it. No other soup, canned or mix, offers such a rich ripe true tomato taste. Only Lipton.





COSTUME BY SARFF-ZUMPANO PHOTOGRAPHED AT FREEDOMLAND

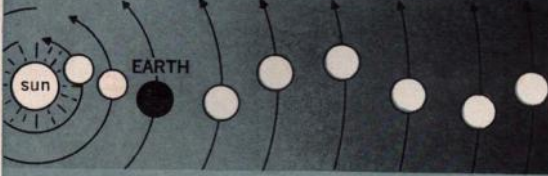


I dreamed I stopped them in their tracks
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New Sweet Music^{*} bra by Maidenform...spoke-stitched cups for gently rounded contours—the new, naturally you way to look! Snug-fitting, all-elastic band keeps you comfortable; laminated undercups never let you down! This and 6 other styles, from 2.50.

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. © 1962 BY MAIDENFORM, INC., MAKERS OF BRAS, GIRDLES, SWIMSUITS



Programming does away with a classroom's "static"

planets	42. The earth is one of nine _____ which travel around the sun.
Solar	43. This is a picture of the _____ System.
	
nine	How many planets are there in the Solar System? ____
one	How many stars are there in the Solar System? ____
sun	All the planets receive their light and heat from the star we call our _____.
two	How many planets are there between the earth and the sun? _____
warmer	These two planets are closer to the sun than the earth is. Therefore, they are—warmer/colder—than the earth.
six	How many planets are farther from the sun than the earth is? _____
colder	The six planets that are farther away from the sun are—warmer/colder—than the earth.
	
	In the picture above, put the letter W on the planet you think is warmest.
	
	Put the letter C on the coldest planet.
hot	44. Planets which are closer to the sun than the earth are too—hot/cold—for us to live on.
cold	45. Planets farther from the sun than the earth are too _____ for us to live on.
earth	46. The only planet we can live on is the _____.
planets	47. Let's review what we have learned. We know that the earth is one of nine _____.
sun	48. Planets receive their light and heat from the _____.
star	49. The sun is a _____.
Solar	50. The sun and the nine planets make up the _____ System.
Galaxy	51. The Solar System is in the Milky Way _____.
Universe	52. The Milky Way Galaxy is in The _____.

programming, many an educator has had the painful experience of seeing flaws in his teaching technique, gaping holes that he had been bridging over by clever verbiage. For some, the experience is too painful to take. A favorite sport among programmers is telling tales of would-be programmers who have retreated back to the comparative safety of the textbook and the lecture platform.

Some advocates of the new discipline go so far as to say that it will not only help teachers improve their presentations, but also "expose" those who have been "spouting verbal nonsense." Dr. M. W. Sullivan, head of Sullivan Associates in Los Altos, Calif., and one of the nation's top programmers, told *Look*: "There are thousands of men in classrooms and on lecture platforms all over the world who don't know what teaches and what doesn't teach. And, really, there's been no way to find out. Now, for the first time, we have a way of testing the teaching and learning process."

For those who have the toughness and flexibility to stick with programming, the experience is exhilarating.

"A good program is beautiful," says Dr. Sullivan. "It has the functional perfection of a house that's built for you. It eliminates the static of most classroom situations. Someday, we'll have a program that represents pure, noise-free communication. We're not there yet, but we're getting closer all the time. Every time we test a program, we get new information about how people learn. You'll find that the best programs bear little resemblance to any conventional teaching sequence. They represent a totally new way of organizing a field of knowledge. When I've finished a program, and it has been tested and revised again and again, it can out-teach me any time. My programs murder me. And we're just beginning to appreciate the power of our techniques. Our best programs now are only faint indications of what is to come."

"This powerful new technique has placed an entirely new and heavy responsibility on the publisher," says Theodore Waller, president of Grolier's Teaching Materials Corporation, a large producer of programmed materials. "We are not dealing with just another educational product; we are producing materials that are already having a revolutionary impact on teaching methods."

So far in its precocious infancy, programming has most excelled at teaching the "factual" subjects—spelling, grammar, math, the sciences, technical skills. It can teach foreign languages with ease and pre-

cision. Here, the written program may be backed up by a tape machine; at certain steps, the student presses a foot pedal to hear the spoken tongue. In language classes, the program and the classroom teacher make good partners. The program does the dirty work (vocabulary, grammar, drill) and allows the students to move at their own rates. When a few students have reached a certain place in the program, the teacher may bring them together to practice conversation and discuss the finer points of the language.

They won't be fenced in

Programming generally has steered clear of subjects calling for individual interpretation—history, philosophy, literature and the like. Even here, it may find a role. Says P. Kenneth Komoski, head of the Center for Programmed Instruction in New York City, "We can program parts of history courses. For example, I'm now writing a program that describes a hypothetical river-valley civilization. The student will take the program, then compare my model civilization to some real ones—those that existed in the Nile, Tigris-Euphrates and so on—and end up criticizing the model. We can also do a program on how to study history or how to do a research paper. This will encourage outside reading and individual research."

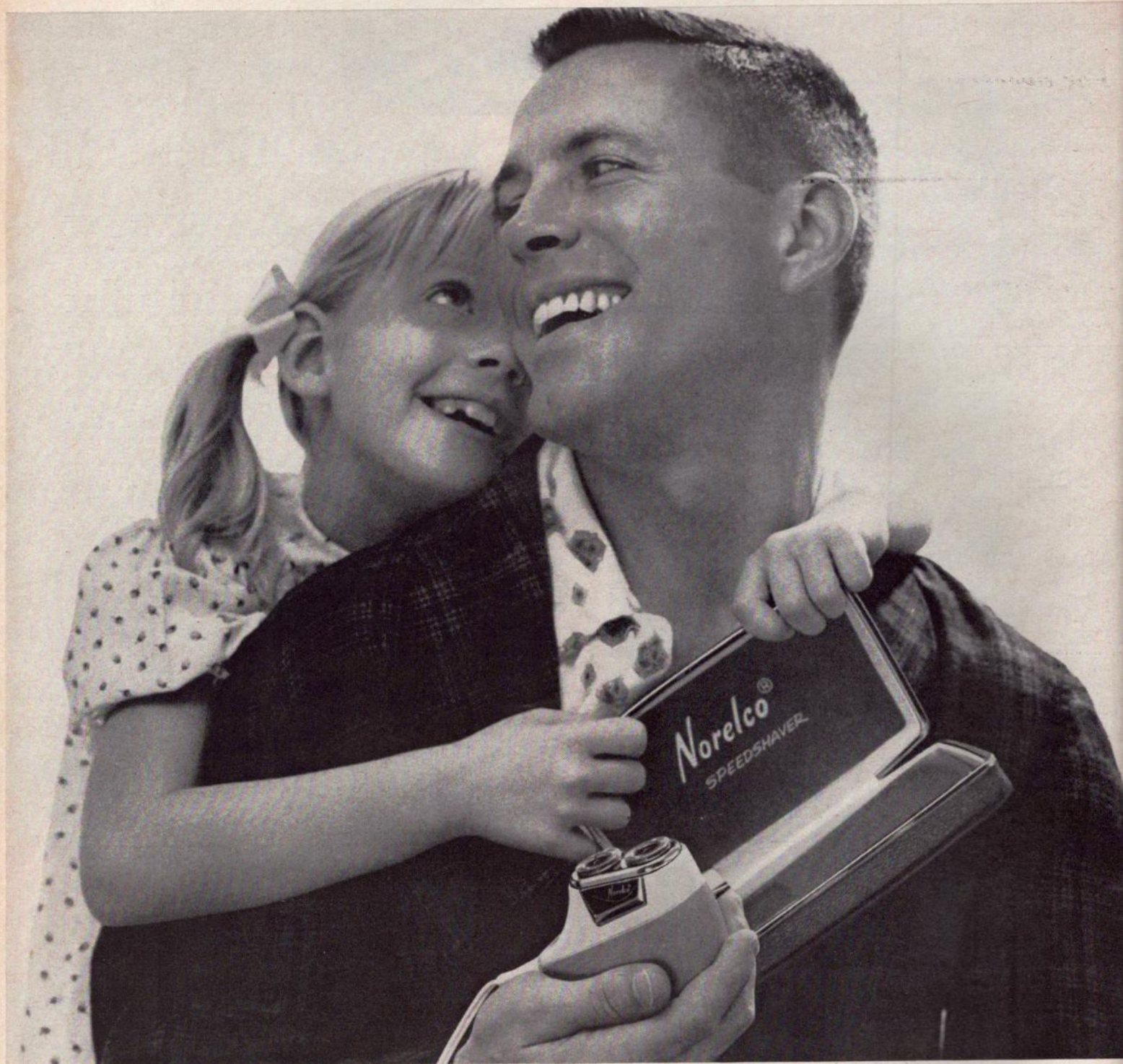
Whatever the terrain, some programmers refuse to be fenced in. "Anything you can test," says Dr. Sullivan, "I can program."

At Harvard, Dr. Skinner and his associates have devised machines that use the programming approach to teach some quite basic human skills—shape discrimination, inductive reasoning, a sense of rhythm, a sense of musical pitch.



The music machine is a Rube Goldberg arrangement; the program is punched on a piano roll that is wired into a reed organ. The organ pipes up with a note or a combination of notes. When it stops, the child tries to pick out the notes on the keyboard. A visitor watches an eight-year-old girl recognizing and playing three-note chords by ear. "That's very good, Diane," says Edward Maltzman, the psychologist in charge of the experiment. "In fact, that's wonderful."

"What's so wonderful about it?" the psychologist is asked. "When Diane first came in here," he replies, "she could hardly tell one note on the keyboard from another. She was practically tone-deaf." Step by step, she is now well on her way toward having a good musical ear. "We may find," Dr. Skinner told *Look*, "that

continued



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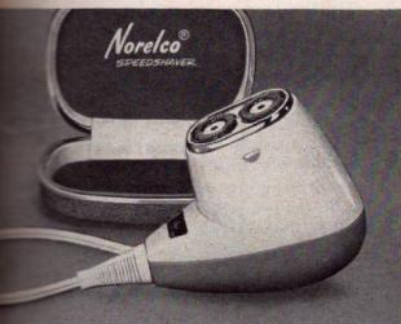
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EDUCATION continued

"Branching" is another approach

no child with otherwise normal hearing is really tone-deaf."

Tests at Roanoke and elsewhere show that programmed instruction can serve as a teacher's helper in classes of ordinary size. Eventually, however, it may join with other technological advances to change classroom size and drastically reshape the role of the teacher. Dr. Alvin C. Eurich, director of the Fund for the Advancement of Education, has called long and loud for experimentation in the schools. "The most fixed idea in education," he told LOOK, "is that a school should be built as a group of cells, each holding one teacher and 25 to 30 students. We checked to find where this outmoded idea came from. It goes back to a formula in the Babylonian Talmud in the third century A.D., when all instruction was done by word of mouth."

Today, Dr. Eurich feels, TV can bring the best teachers to the most people. Sound film may also help break traditional patterns of schooling. Several manufacturers are trying to work out a simple, cheap 8-mm sound-film projector to be used by individual students. Someday, it may be possible to present programmed instruction with sound films.

"The school of the future could be quite different," said Dr. Anna Hyer of the Department of Audio-Visual Instruction of the National Education Association. "There may be programmed units within courses, with TV or films providing most of the lectures. The presentational aspects of teaching may disappear. The classroom teacher may become something like a motivational or psychological diagnostician and a leader of discussion groups. Or per-

haps we'll have two teachers in a programmed class of about 60 students, one of them a subject-matter specialist, the other a psychological specialist. We don't know yet. We're not ready to standardize. We must be cautious. But we also have to stay open-minded." She adds, "If computers can be used in programmed instruction, heaven knows what we'll be into."

Large computers and other complex electronic machines are best suited to a type of programming quite different from that of Dr. Skinner. The "branching" approach, as it is called, was developed independently by a group of Air Force psychologists, notably Norman Crowder. Crowder feels that making mistakes and correcting them is an essential part of the human learning process. On his machines, a chunk of information a paragraph or so long is flashed on a screen. The student answers a multiple-choice question by pressing a button. If he is right, the machine gives him the next chunk of information. If he is wrong, the machine gives him a paragraph telling him what he should do to correct his mistake.

At the end of each "chapter," the student takes a brief multiple-choice test. If he makes a mistake, the machine sends him back to take the chapter again. (The branching approach may also be used in "scrambled textbooks," where each answer directs the student to a different page to be commended or corrected.)

"We want the student's response for a definite reason," Crowder told LOOK in the New York office of U. S. Industries, where he is technical director of the Educational Sciences Division. "We assume the learning

continued

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **LOOK**

*A noted doctor
with 40 years of practice
hits out at*

**FEE SPLITTING
KNIFE-HAPPY
SURGEONS
MERCENARY
DOCTORS**



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Write for summary of
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Address: Medical
Director, W. F. Young,
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EDUCATION continued

The programming movement is not without its dangers

has taken place *before* the student answers. We want him to answer so that the machine can take appropriate action—that is, tell him where he's wrong, give him extra work or send him straight ahead. The heart of the matter in our approach is the responsiveness of the machine."

Scientists have used computers to create teaching machines with almost human responsiveness. Dr. Harry Silberman of System Development Corporation at Santa Monica, Calif., described the action of an experimental computer teaching machine: "The computer keeps a running total of the student's errors. If he is making too many, he is branched off to some easier material. Sometimes the machine asks the student, 'How are you doing?' He has a chance to choose whether he'll take remedial work. Or maybe he'll be allowed to skip several frames. In addition, if the student is taking too much time answering, he may be detoured to easier questions or a different approach to the subject."

Computer teaching, at its present state of development, costs too much for the ordinary school. But some scientists foresee the day when a single computer can service one or more large schools. Not only will it run the teaching machines, it will also handle administrative chores (record keeping, scheduling) and help catalog and locate books in the school library. Such a hard-working computer might prove to be worth its initial high cost.

The programming movement is

not without its dangers. A few companies, hoping to shove their way in on the ground floor, have rushed out inferior programs containing misprints, grammatical errors and factual mistakes. Some programs are mere rehashes of outmoded subject matter. Inferior programs, along with unrealistic guarantees, are being offered for sale directly to parents. (It must also be said that some good programs are peddled door-to-door.)

Responsible programmers fear that, should too many bad programs take the field, the entire movement may be set back. They warn schools to check carefully before plunging into programmed instruction. The Educational Testing Service of Princeton, N. J., is now working up ways to test programs. And a joint committee of the American Psychological Association, the American Educational Research Association and the NEA's Department of Audio-Visual Instruction is wrestling with the problem of standards for the new type of instruction. Such stalwart watchdogs will help to protect your child from inferior programming.

It is no threat to creativity

A more profound danger lies in the very power of the new technique. If programmed instruction can so effectively cause students of varying ability to give almost exactly the same answers, can it also kill creativity and create conformity? Programmers call this a false worry—certainly if only "factual" subjects and basic skills are to be pro-

grammed. Psychologist Jerome Berlin of Emory University at Atlanta, Ga., explained it this way: "In a large technological culture, there are certain definite things everyone must learn, even in order to survive. We all agree that we must drive on the right-hand side of the street. We agree on how to spell words, how to do certain mathematical processes and so on. The point is to learn necessary facts and skills as quickly and easily as possible. This is not conformity." Dr. Berlin's colleague, psychologist L. Benjamin Wyckoff, a member of the board of Teaching Machines, Inc., affiliated with Grolier, said, "The kid who finishes geometry in a weekend is then free to go on and do individual, creative work. With programming as an aid, teachers will have more time and energy to encourage interpersonal relations, original thinking and creativity."

Indeed, programming itself may someday be enlisted in the fight against conformity. Psychologist Richard Crutchfield of the University of California at Berkeley is working on experimental programmed instruction to encourage original and creative thinking. Said Dr. Crutchfield, "We want to increase the individual's readiness to give relevant, *unexpected* answers. We do this by encouraging him to think up word associations or figures of speech. We also have a program to teach high-level problem solving. There are no single *right* answers. Some answers are better than others. We are finding out that, after finishing the program, students are able to solve problems more difficult than any in the program."

Should programmed instruction fall under central control and become an instrument for providing standardized interpretations of history, literature and philosophy, then the danger to freedom would be real. But that is unlikely. Anyway, the possibilities for control of the mind in this age of fast mass communication are not limited to any one technique; free men must guard against thought control by all media of communication. Thus far, programming has shown no urge to interpret history and no tendency to fall under central control.

The impatient, impassioned men and women of the programming movement are willing to tolerate the skepticism of laymen and educators who do not yet understand the new method of teaching. But they have little sympathy for one type of critic: the traditionalist who, at the first hint of science or technology in education, simply recoils in horror, ignoring the finest tradition of the humanities—an open mind. To such critics, they recommend a reading of Plato's *Phaedrus*. Here, Socrates tells of an

ancient Egyptian ruler who criticized the introduction of the written alphabet, a technological discovery of the time: "... For this invention will produce forgetfulness in the minds of those who learn it through the neglect of memory. ..."

"How much better," said one programmer, "if all the nation's intellectuals, instead of pretending that new techniques of teaching do not exist, would join in shaping them to the benefit of mankind."

Have not nations can use it

The boisterous claims of programmers for the new method may turn out to have been a bit on the optimistic side. Nevertheless, programmed instruction is sure to make major contributions to the field of education. It already has proved itself a sensitive instrument for examining—and improving—the learning process. Programmers feel that nothing would better dramatize the power of programming than its widespread use in underdeveloped nations. While it is next to impossible to send U.S. teachers to all the jungles and deserts and rice paddies of the world, it would be comparatively simple and cheap to send programmed instruction. The new form of education is ideally suited to teaching the technical skills necessary for modern civilization. Moreover, a program can start off at a very low level of learning and proceed more patiently than can a teacher schooled in an advanced culture. Practically overnight, an entire nation might be readied for a place in a technological world.

Programmed instruction offers a similar hope to U.S. workers threatened by a fast-changing industrial society. Experts estimate that the average laborer now entering the work force will need to be retrained completely three or four times during his working career. For such a gigantic task, there is hardly a practical alternative to some form of programmed instruction.

Beyond its utilitarian applications, the new movement holds out a rare new faith in the untapped abilities in every human being. For several decades, the world's leading philosophers and poets have preached of man's weakness, helplessness and despair. It has been a long time since there has been any serious talk of the perfectability—or even the improvability—of man. Now, a buoyant, busy group of psychologists and educators are refusing to set any limit on what the average human being can accomplish. If they are right, they will give this nation a big boost in what H. G. Wells called "the race between education and catastrophe." And they will prove to the whole world that the human race has been selling itself short.

END



"You big guys are all alike. Big."

LOOK 6-5-62

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Washington, D.C.

Jacqueline Kennedy always remains uniquely herself, though her hair style changes to suit the occasion and her clothes come from several name designers. The First Lady's coiffures by New York's Kenneth of Lilly Daché have made women more hair-conscious, turned top hairdressers into the newest status symbol. In fashion, sleeveless dresses, uncluttered silhouettes, short skirts, unusual colors have the Kennedy cachet. Meticulous grooming, discreet accessories, spotless gloves perfect the look.

Jacqueline Kennedy
inspires

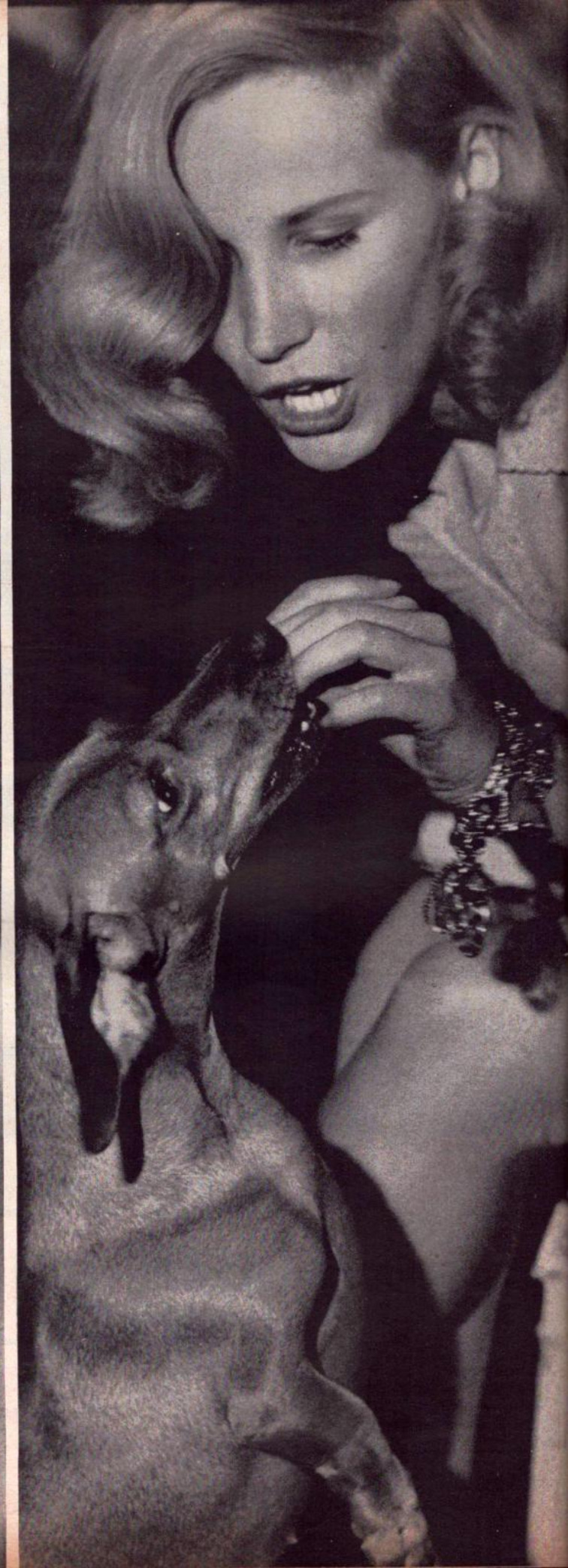
THE INTERNATIONAL LOOK



JACQUELINE KENNEDY is today's international taste setter. She personifies a youthful elegance that has inspired a new standard of beauty around the world. Shown on the following pages are other "young elegants" from major cities here and abroad. Like Mrs. Kennedy, they have a distinctive international look, which comes from developing a style all their own and sticking to it. From student to princess, young mother to debutante, they reject fads in fashion and beauty. All are endowed with natural good looks, but rely on flawless grooming, individual hair styles, understated makeup and simplicity in clothes to achieve the image that is now the new ideal from New York to Rome.

continued

INTERNATIONAL LOOK continued



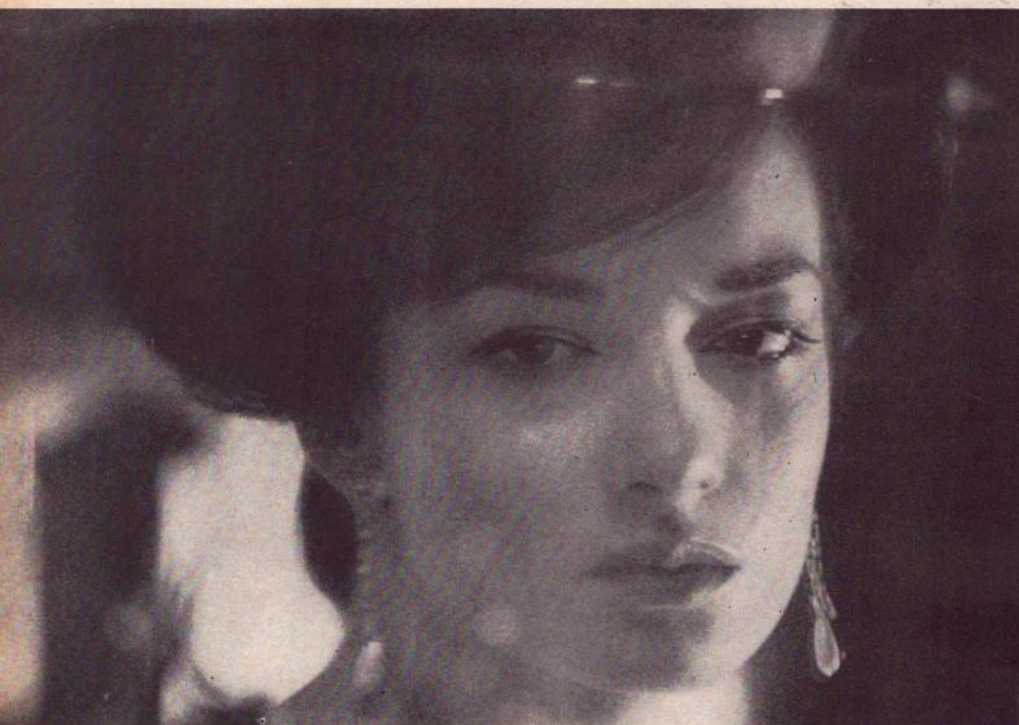


Paris Cristina de Caraman (far left), 18-year-old debutante, wears boutique fashions by day, borrows Patou gowns for galas. Her hair, styled by Alexandre to complement her piquant beauty, is brushed up, with height at the crown. Socialite Cristine Laurent, 21 (left), has her casual coif done by Jacques Dessange. Long and softly waved, it suits her elegant tweedy look.

Munich Ingrun Moeckel, 24 (above), in Paris for a visit, went to Alexandre—pet of the international set—for her hair styling. It is pulled back and pinned below the crown, curves forward at sides. Ingrun hopes to model fashions in the U. S., wears copies of classic Chaneles. All the girls pictured here prefer pale lipstick, reserve more emphatic makeup for the eyes.

continued

Youthful elegance starts with a distinctive hair style



Rome Italian beauties Maria Cristina Fabiani (left) and Princess Andrea Laudomia Hercolani (right) believe in coiffures that play up their provocative eyes. Maria Cristina, 19, is the daughter of fashion designer Fabiani. She works in his salon and wears his designs. Her evening hairdo was created by Filippo of Rome. Bangs are brushed smoothly across her brow, sides curve upward in broad wings. Princess Hercolani, 30, famous for her distinguished good looks, goes to Alberto of the Excelsior for her hair styling. Irregular bangs, hair high on the crown and flipped up behind her ears give this young Roman aristocrat "a look of mischievous innocence," says Alberto. Well-defined brows, liner and white shadow accentuate her eyes. Her clothes this year are almost all by the talented young designer Roberto Capucci.





Understatement in makeup
and clothes
is the new hallmark of beauty



London Art student Virginia Anne Stevens, 17 (left), like many of London's younger set, prefers "Chelsea look" clothes by Mary Quant, nearly straight hair. Vidal Sassoon's version has deep bangs and "kiss curls." Publisher's wife Elizabeth White, 24 (above, with daughter Carolina), dresses mostly in simple clothes by Dior and Victor Stiebel—touched by only a little, but *real*, jewelry. John of Knightsbridge did her softly swirled and curled coiffure. Delicate blondes, both young women give their hair a slight coloring assist in winter.

continued

The young
New Yorker
typifies
sophistication
and natural
good looks

New York

Ann Mudge has the thoroughbred look of the privileged New Yorker. Her good bones, finely chiseled features and clear eyes make for a kind of beauty that is typically American, yet can hold its own anywhere in the world. Ann's blond hair is bleach-streaked to add highlights, then given a well-brushed, natural shape by Enrico Caruso. Ann, 29, is an assistant to the producers of the National Repertory Theatre. She likes colors, the casual chic of B.H. Wragge designs.

END

The new sound of music
is you at the Hammond

**The Andersons
turned in early
again tonight.
Lill had the
kids home.**

(It drizzled through the afternoon).

**Charlie was bushed
with a
capital B.
And besides,
they'd already
seen the late
movie.**

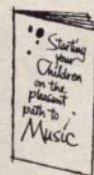
**The lights are still on
at the Whittings.
Eleanor is playing
the organ,
a Hammond
they bought on
the PlayTime Plan.
And while Ralph
is pretending
to read—he's
really only waiting
his turn to play.
The lights will go out
at the Whittings soon.
But not just yet...**

A Hammond Organ can make the difference between a day that seems endless and one that's over too soon. Don't just take our word for it. Ask a family who owns a Hammond. Thousands of families do. Very likely, someone in your neighborhood. Owning a Hammond Organ is almost as easy as playing one. Why don't you let your Hammond Organ dealer tell you?



The Luxury Hammond Spinet Organ, full of new ideas, exclusive features. Prices start at \$1495, F.O.B. factory. Prices subject to change without notice.

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L-6-S-62

MEN'S CLOTHES DO CHANGE

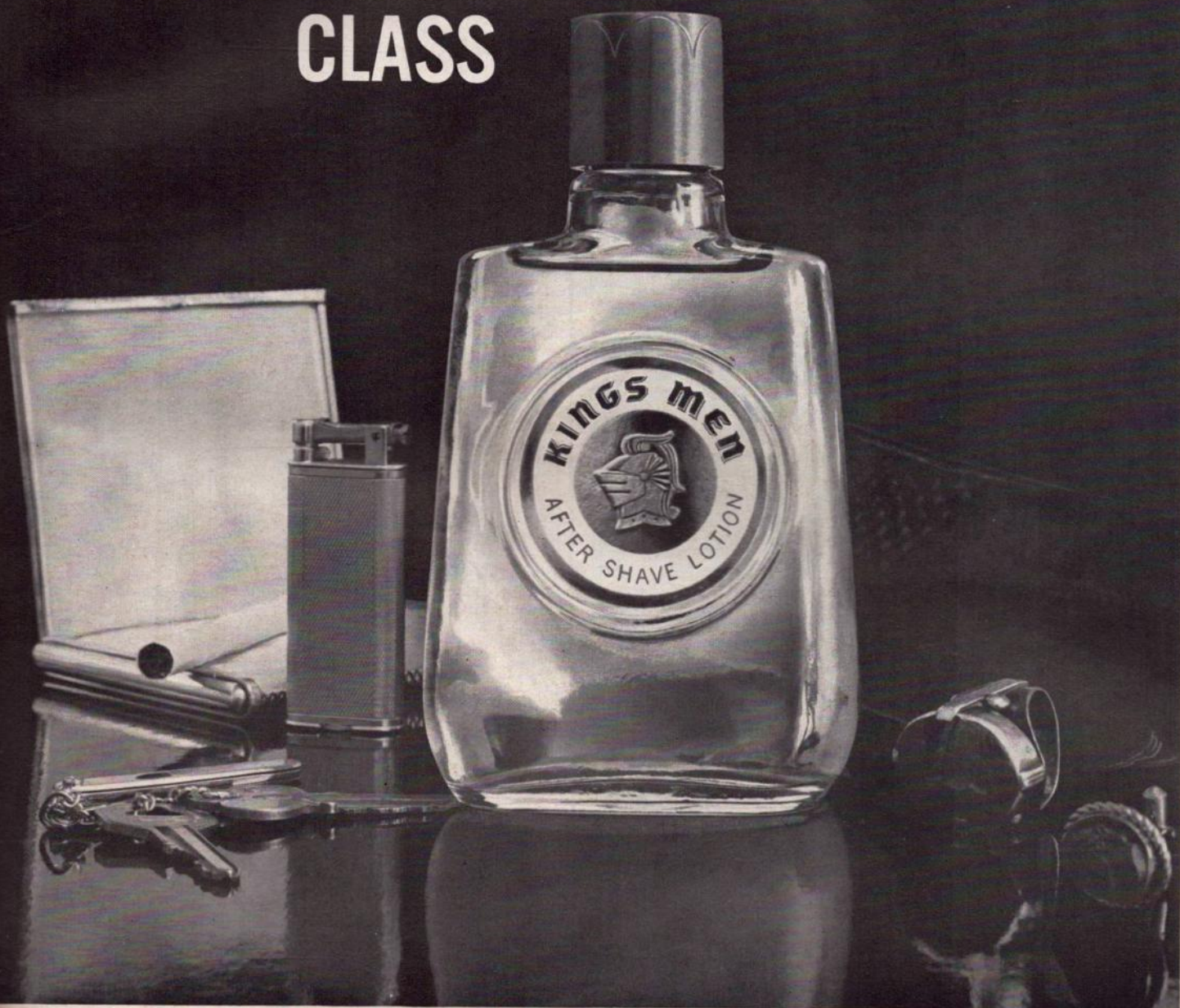
1952

1962

WHAT HAS HAPPENED to men's clothes in the past ten years is vividly demonstrated in the suit shown here. A Philadelphia suit manufacturer, H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., split a typical 1952 suit down the middle, joined it to a popular 1962 model. The same was done with the hat, shirt and tie. Even the shoes are ten years apart. To get the full impact of the change, cover the '62 half. See how dated the '52 side seems now: The shoulder droops, pants leg flops, hat brim flares. In contrast, the '62 side is slim and trim, following natural body lines. Hat, shirt and tie are also pared down in proportion to the suit silhouette. Today's shoe is lighter, more flexible. All illustrate what a difference a decade makes.

END

FIRST CLASS



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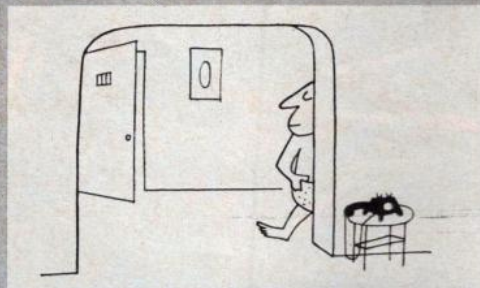
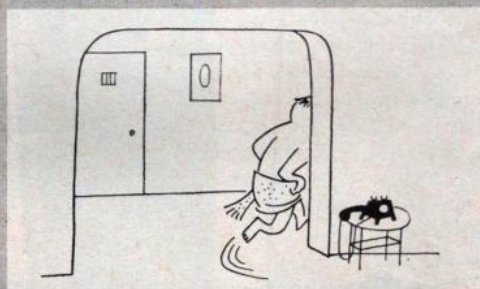
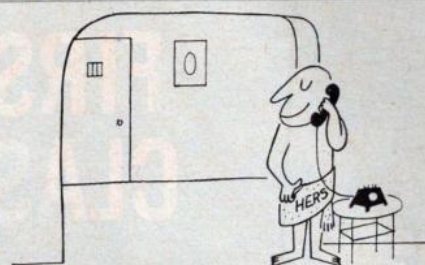
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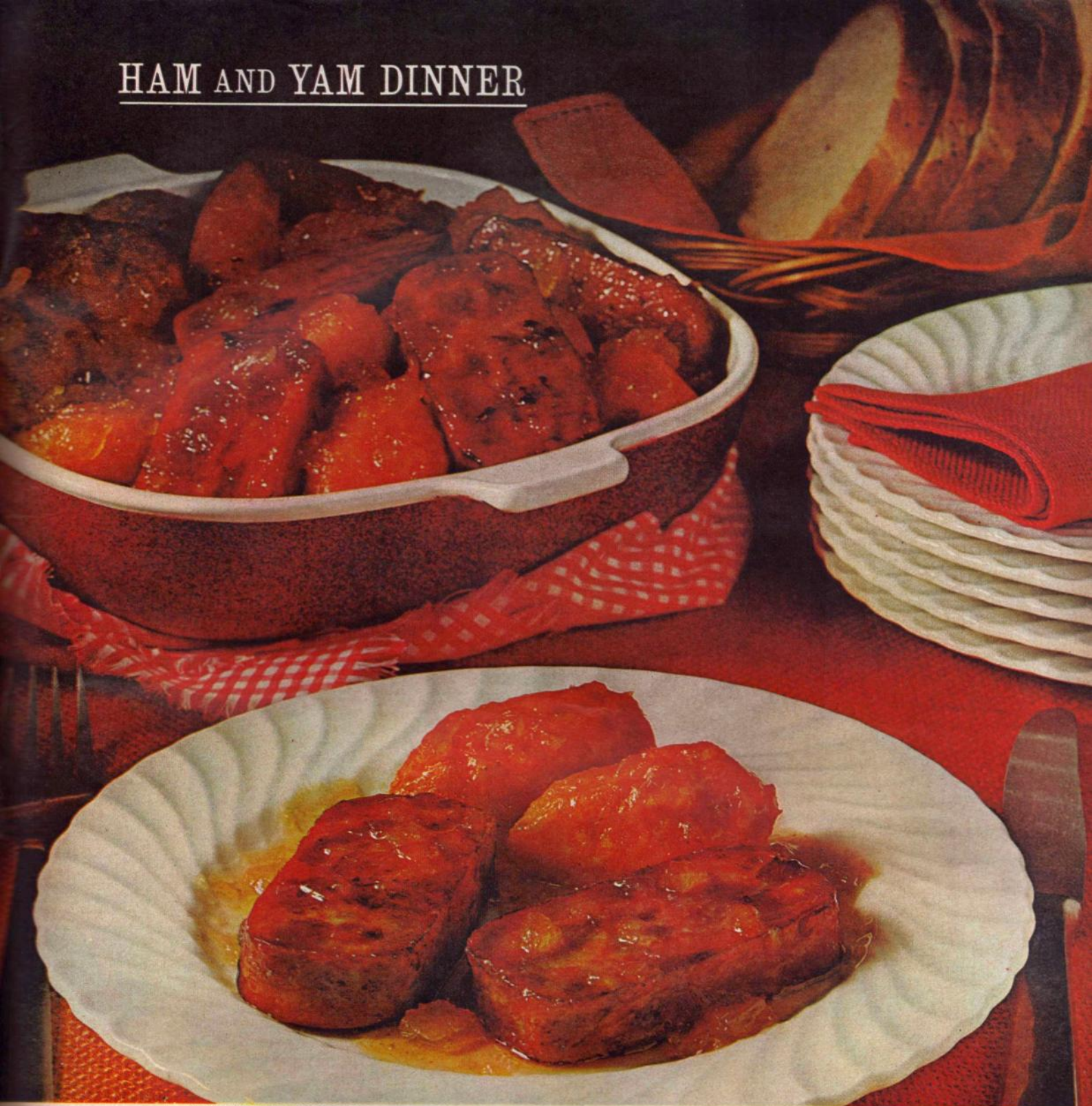
HIS
vs.
HERS



TEN SMITS

LOOK 6-5-62

HAM AND YAM DINNER



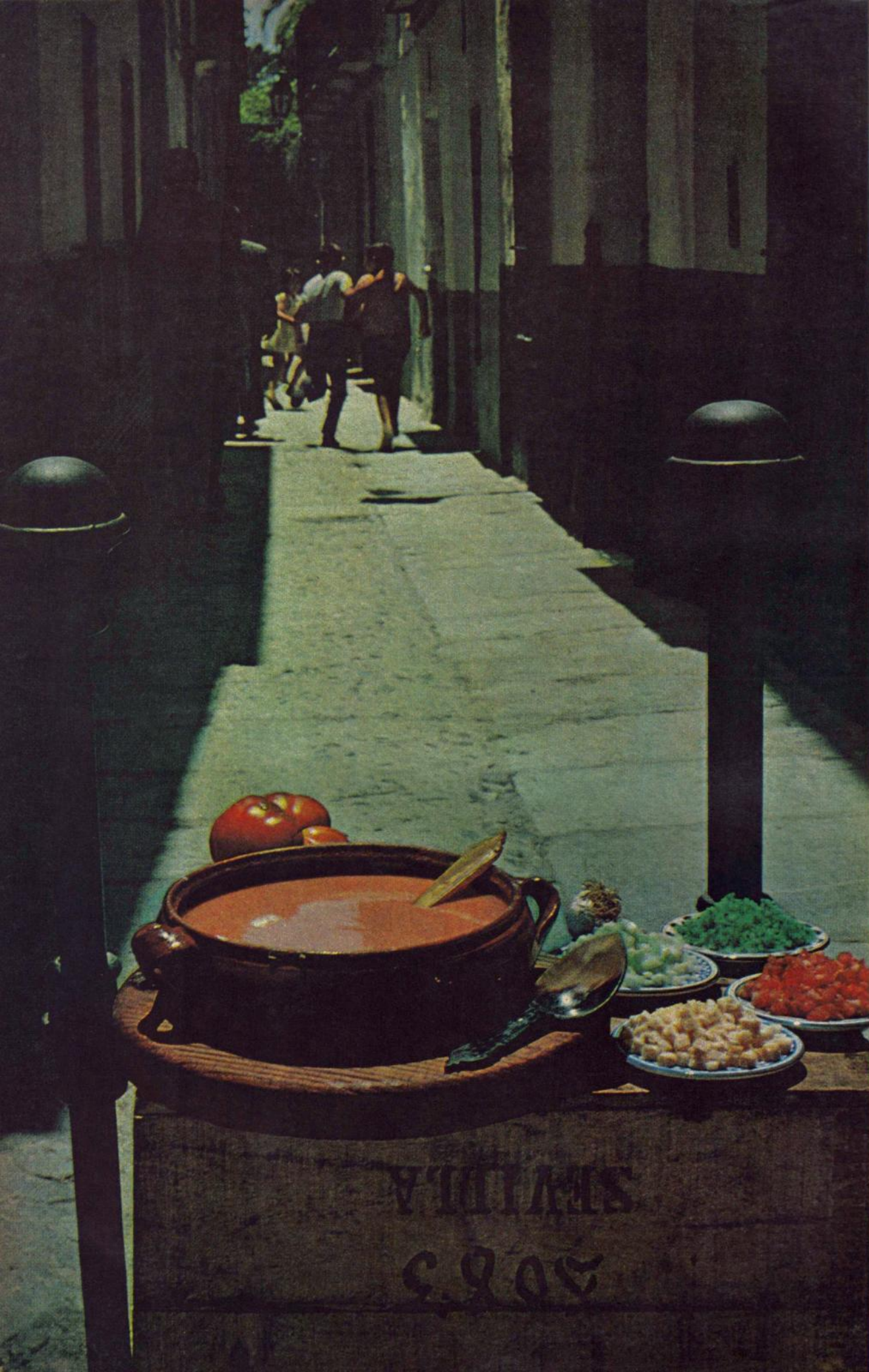
HAM AND YAM DINNER. Brown slices of Armour Star Chopped Ham in butter. Add canned whole yams, drained and salted. Spoon pineapple preserves over both. Heat about 5 minutes, basting often.

New chunk-style Chopped Ham—it's all ham. Chunks of ham, sugar-cured and juicy—in a tender loaf ready to slice. No waste. No work. Ready for sandwiches and your favorite ham recipes.

Reach for the Star

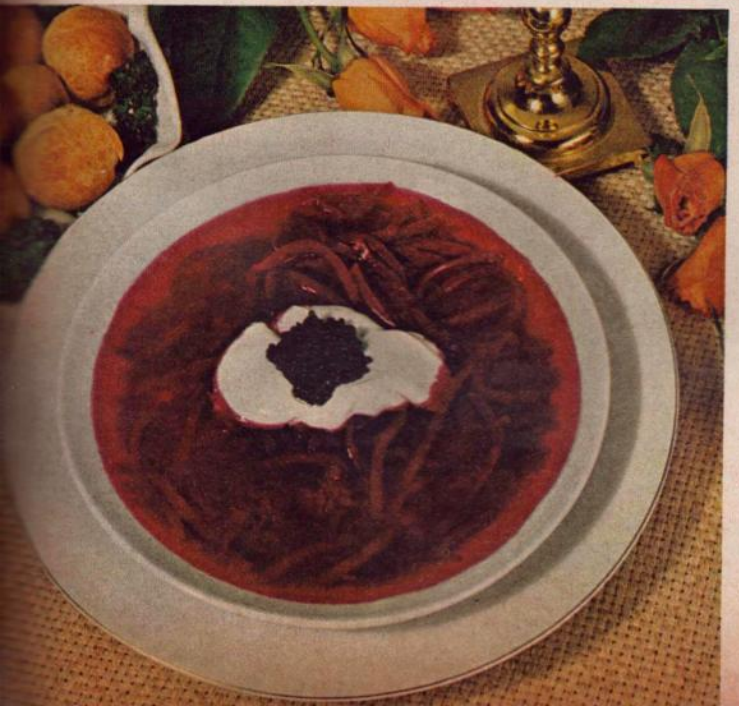



**ARMOUR
STAR
CHOPPED
HAM**



Spain's cold soup—gazpacho—basks in the golden sun of a street in Seville. Displayed with the soup are traditional gazpacho spoons and the required accompaniments: chopped cucumber, egg, green pepper, tomato and croutons. At right are three more cold-soup classics for warm summer evenings: English shrimp bisque (top), garnished with baby shrimp and whipped cream, served with English water biscuits; French potato-and-leek soup (center), topped with leeks, chives, French-bread accompaniment; Russian borsch (bottom). Beets, cabbage, broth and thick sour cream are its basics; caviar and hot pirozki (meat-filled rolls), its added refinements.

PRODUCED BY
MARILYN KAYTOR
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
BEN SOMOROFF



4 COLD SOUPS FOR WARM EVENINGS

ACCORDING TO legend, King Louis XIV of France discovered the delights of cold soup entirely by chance. His Majesty had so many food tasters that by the time the royal soup was sampled and served, it was inevitably cold. The King soon found cold soup to his liking, and a new culinary fashion was launched. The increasing number of soup-loving Americans who enjoy the cool treat today indicates that the fashion was no passing French fad.

For every hot soup, there is a cold one. In Spain, where cold soup is eaten once—and often twice—a day during the hot summer, *gazpacho* is a traditional favorite. It is always served accompanied by chopped vegetables, egg and bread cubes, as photographed in Seville on the opposite page. LOOK narrows the field down to this U. S. variation, plus three other international summer-soup classics pictured at left: English shrimp bisque, French potato-and-leek soup and Russian borsch. All four recipes are given below.

Gazpacho (perhaps named after a Spanish bread spread of olive oil, garlic, onion and herbs) is made in traditional style. The bisque, potato-and-leek soup and borsch are quickly made from our great larder of prepared soups and vegetables, giving the summer chef extra sun time. **GAZPACHO:** Soak 2 slices white bread 1 hour in water; remove, and puree with 1 clove garlic, 5 large, ripe tomatoes, peeled and cut into pieces, 1 cut onion, 1 cucumber, peeled and cut into pieces. Strain all through fine sieve. Add 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon white pepper. Beat in 3 tablespoons olive oil, a little bit at a time. Stir in 3 tablespoons wine vinegar. Add 1 cup water. Beat well with rotary beater or blend on slow speed about 1 minute. Chill thoroughly. Serve with side dishes of chopped tomato, peeled cucumber, green pepper and croutons. Serves 4. **SHRIMP BISQUE:** Heat together gently 2 cans (10 $\frac{1}{4}$ ounces each)

thawed frozen cream-of-shrimp soup, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup light cream, a pinch each cayenne, nutmeg, white pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chicken broth. Chill thoroughly. Add 1 tablespoon dry sherry to each serving. Top each with plain whipped cream, drained, washed canned baby shrimp. Serves 3-4.

POTATO-AND-LEEK SOUP: Cut the green-white ends of 6 leeks into 1-inch pieces. Cover; simmer 15 minutes in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chicken broth. Puree. Add 1 can (10 $\frac{1}{4}$ ounces) thawed frozen cream-of-potato soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup light cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon white pepper. Heat to blend. Chill thoroughly. Serve topped with cut leeks, chives. Serves 2.

BORSCH: Brown lightly 1 chopped shallot, 1 chopped small onion in 1 tablespoon olive oil. Add 1 quart beef broth, $\frac{1}{2}$ bay leaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned red cabbage, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shredded fresh green cabbage, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned tomatoes. Cover. Simmer 30 minutes. Strain. Add to broth 1 cup canned julienne beets, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the beet liquid, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup more canned red cabbage. Chill thoroughly. Serve with generous garnish of thick sour cream topped by caviar (optional). Serves 4.

END

Christine Kaufmann: Movie Veteran at 17

Christine Kaufmann of Munich has worked in films since she was seven, when she made her debut playing a circus bareback rider. At 13, when her days as a child star seemed to be over, she was taken to Rome by her mother and serenely launched a career as an ingenue. She has since made films in France, Spain and Austria. Now, at 17, Christine is a veteran of 30 films. This lovely, elfin-faced girl (shown here in a Greenwich Village restaurant) will be seen this year in an American-made movie, United Artists' *Taras Bulba*, with Yul Brynner and Tony Curtis.

continued



Color photographs by
BOB LERNER

Produced by JACK HAMILTON
and STANLEY GORDON







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Down, boy.

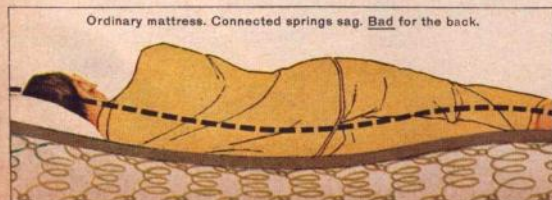
Go chase a midget car. Go raid the dog-biscuit jar. But don't disturb a Beautyresting friend. Considering what people go through nowadays...if there weren't a Beautyrest® to come home to, we'd *all* be barking.

What a sleep this mattress gives you! Straight-backed, nerveless, relaxed. How can something so good *for* you *feel* so good? Such comfort ought to be sinful. On the contrary. Some people

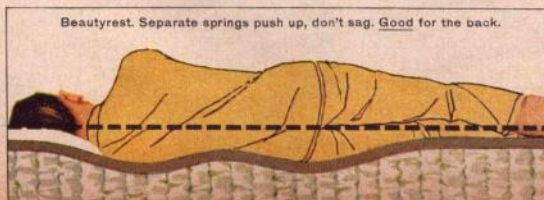
say they think heaven is padded with Beautyrests.

We beg the question. But we do know Beautyrest is the most economical mattress you can own. It outlasts ordinary inner-spring mattresses 3 to 1. At \$79.50, with a 10-year warranty, it costs about 2¢ a night (...price of 2 dog biscuits!).

What size for you? King Size? Standard? Take your choice. Just make sure every inch is *Beautyrest*. Regular or extra-firm. Crib size, too.



Ordinary mattress. Connected springs sag. Bad for the back.



Beautyrest. Separate springs push up, don't sag. Good for the back.

BEAUTYREST
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Christine likes playful comedy roles, but directors find her dramatic face and figure give strength to more serious films.

Her director: "She doesn't have to talk to be fascinating."

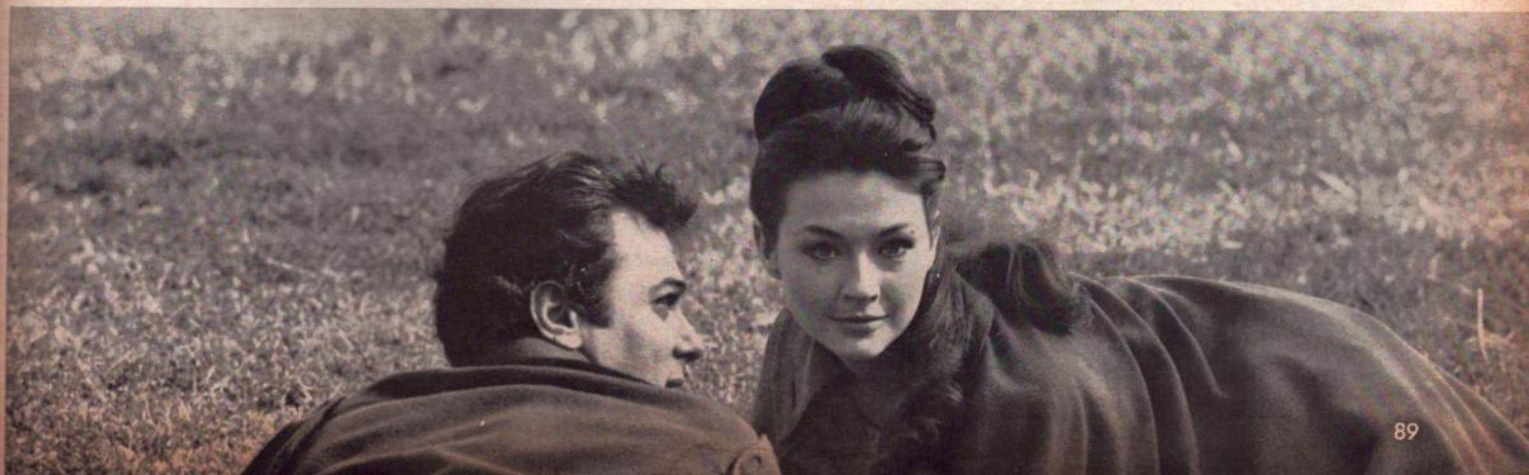
Christine Kaufmann is expected to revive a lost tradition established by Garbo and Bergman in the days when Europe sent to America its most sensitive actresses, rather than its

sexiest. Her director in *Taras Bulba*, J. Lee Thompson, says, "She has one long, romantic scene in the picture played completely without dialogue. Only a girl with Christine's rare quality of stillness could put it over. The screen comes alive when her face fills it."

continued



With Tony Curtis, in the American-made film *Taras Bulba*, she plays a Polish noblewoman in love with a Cossack warrior.



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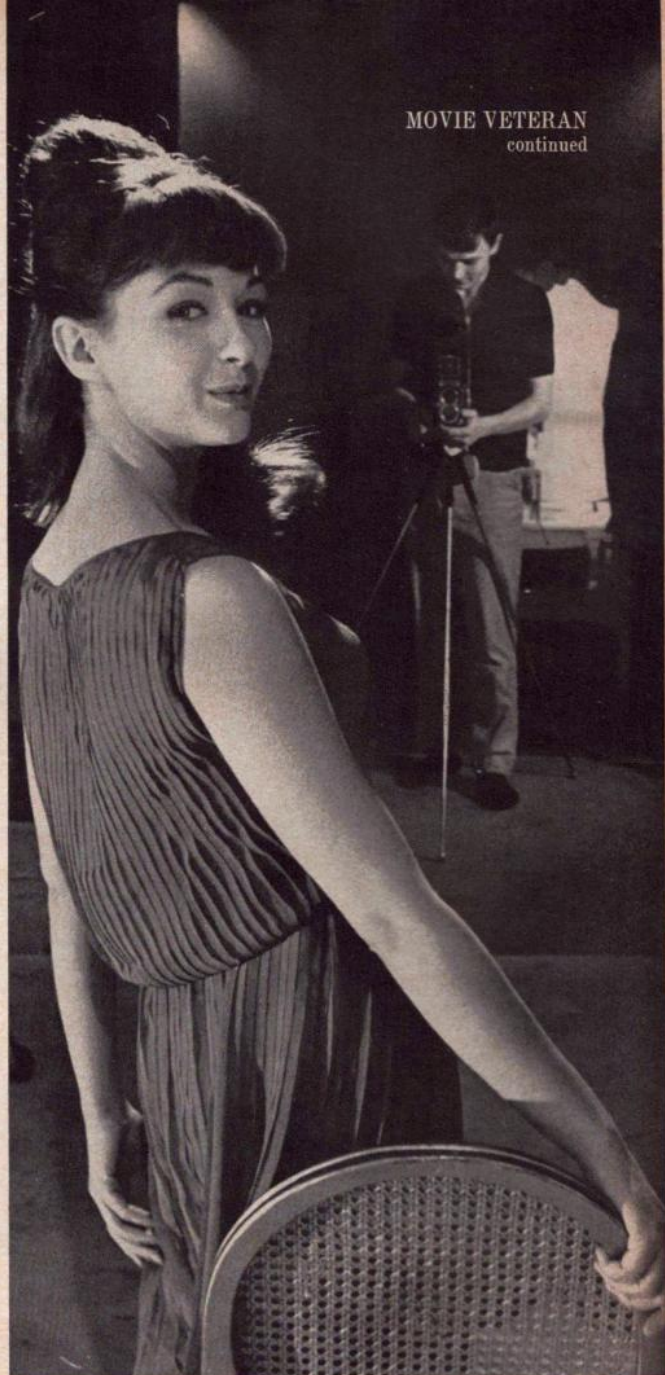


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MOVIE VETERAN
 continued



For her 18-year-old brother Gunther, beginning a career in photography, she sometimes works as an assistant and as a fashion model (of Valentino gowns).

"My heart goes pounding like nuts."

The daughter of a German aviator and a French gynecologist, Christine speaks and reads five languages, has an original, inquiring mind that judges well-rounded people as "triangles." "Such a person has three sides," she says. "First, sensitivity; second, intelligence and culture; third, physical attractiveness. One's success as a personality depends on these three. To me, physical attractiveness is only a minor part of what we think of as personality. What a person appears to be is merely a feeling that we have about him." Of her fellow actors, whose egos she sees with a candid eye, she says, "They should never feel they are important to other people, because they are not."

Christine rarely goes to see her own films, because, she declares, "the experience of making them is finished. It's an ordeal watching yourself. My heart goes pounding like nuts. I think, 'Oh, how bad!' and wish I could do it over again."

continued



co-existence (for you?)

Lift the Tobacco Curtain. Try a pack of Robt. Burns Cigarillos next time you buy your favorite cigars. You'll discover they're just different enough to provide a stimulating change of pace.

The Robt. Burns Cigarillo is not so long you need a lunch hour to enjoy it, nor so

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People who really enjoy smoking especially appreciate Cigarillo's fine blend of tobaccos. Yet, this isn't one of those so-mild-you-can't-taste-'em smokes. It is mild but flavorful. That is the wonder of it.

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And remember . . . **If it's not a Robt. Burns, it's not the Cigarillo.** Another fine product of General Cigar.

"I don't want to date boys cheek-to-cheek."

Teen-age Christine instantly made a novel reputation in Hollywood and New York when she refused to do and say the usual things expected of an ambitious youngster. "The first thing they wanted me to do in Hollywood was to stand on the imprint of Marilyn Monroe's derriere at Grauman's Chinese Theater for press pictures. Imagine the stupidity of asking a newly arrived European to do something like this. The only people in the world I'm afraid of are the stupid people, the ones who do the real mischief. Otherwise, I'm not afraid of any situation in life."

Christine is also not afraid to sound off on some aspects of American life. "People dress louder here than in Europe, and teen-agers yell at you in the street. Teen-agers have too much and live too fast. In Europe, parents are no stricter, but they don't give their children more than they deserve. And in Europe, if you want to be alone to think and read, parents understand."

When she goes out on a date, "I don't want it to be cheek-to-cheek," Christine declares firmly. "I like to be with a boy who does and says intelligent things. But so many boys just want to do very stupid things, cheek-to-cheek." (Heavy sigh).

Child-woman Christine fell in love with Charles Addams's doll, Wednesday, and brought it to Look's office on a visit.



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PHOTOQUIZ ANSWERS

(See page 53) 1-J (A Chump at Oxford). 2-F (County Hospital). 3-C (Saps at Sea). 4-H (Babes in Toyland). 5-G (Way Out West). 6-B (Pardon Us). 7-E (Bonnie Scotland). 8-I (The Devil's Brother). 9-A (Swiss Miss). 10-D (Jitterbugs).

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itching—Relieves Pain

Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Now Makes it Possible to Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery.



A world-famous research institute has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. It relieves itching and pain in minutes and speeds up healing of the injured, inflamed tissues.

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were a wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in ointment or suppository form called Preparation H®.

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new KODAK 8 Movie Camera has an *enclosed* optical viewfinder.

Film loading is quick and fumble-free. The footage meter resets itself automatically after each loading. And the motor has a convenient, fast crank wind.

Make this the year you start saving all your fun *as it happens*—in color and action. Good movies are easy to take . . . inexpensive, too.

See the handsomely styled new KODAK 8 Movie Camera at your dealer's soon. Less than \$35.

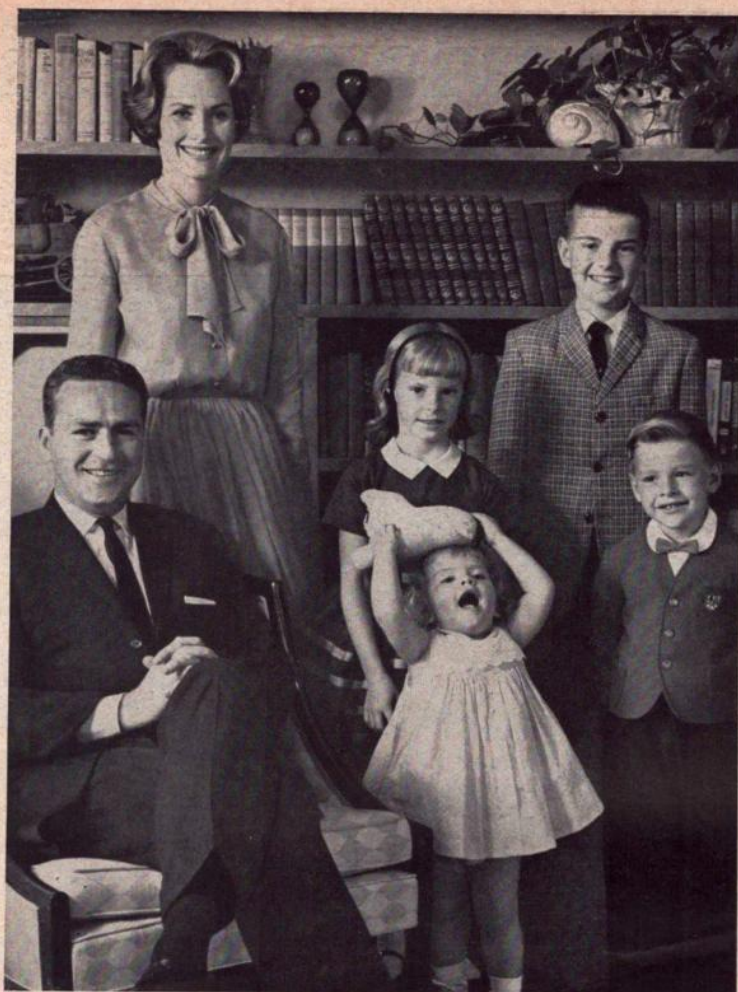
A faster and better KODACHROME Film!
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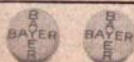
The regular white Bayer tablet, for

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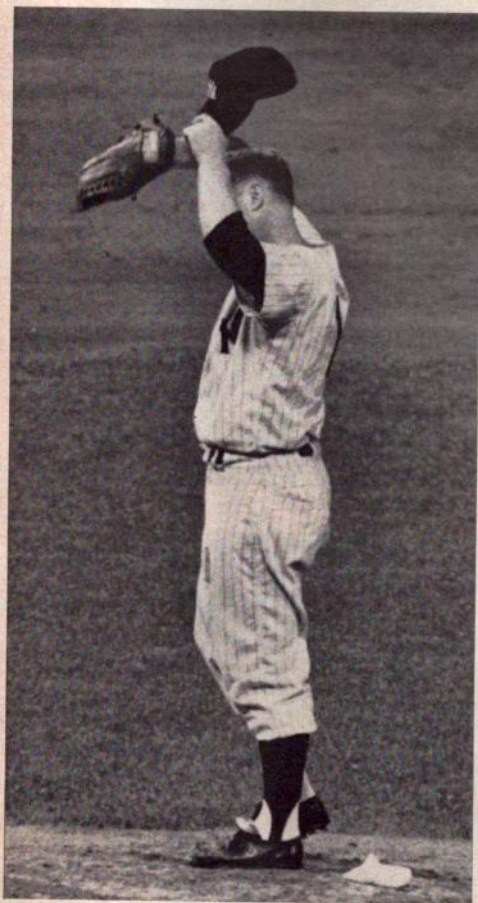
4-barrel carb. Choice of standard 3-speed transmission, optional-at-extra-cost Dual-Path Turbine Drive or sporty 4-speed stick shift. Drive this new companion for the hardtop Skylark at your Buick dealer's now. (Happy tip for you—he's got Spring trading fever!) Buick Motor Division—General Motors Corporation.

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*The blond lefty begins another
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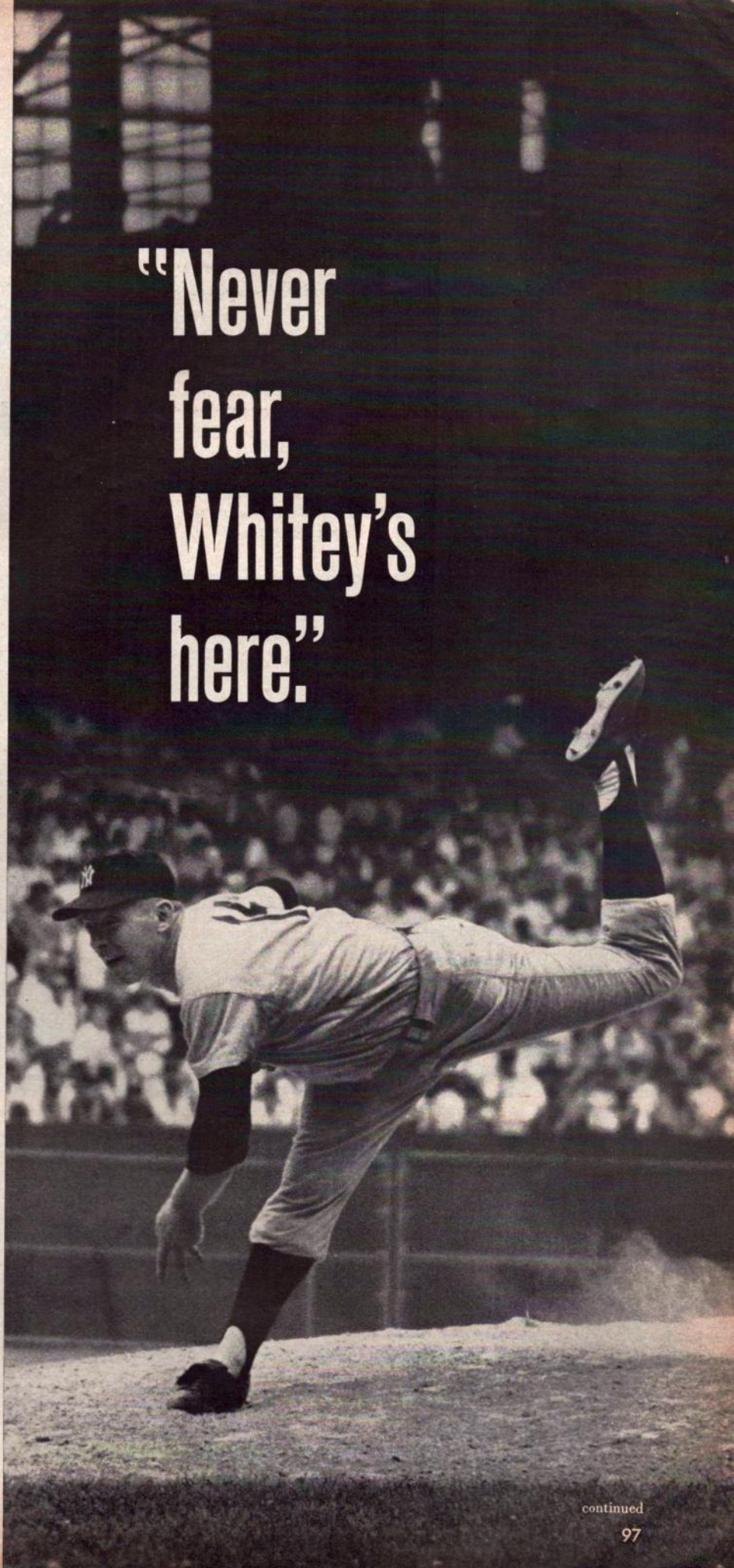
WHITEY FORD's first pitch of 1962 was a knee-high called strike to Johnny Temple of the Orioles. Seventy-seven pitches later, the pink-faced throwing machine of the Yankees marched to the showers. Ralph Terry came on in the seventh, but, as usual, Luis Arroyo finished, and the world champions won 7 to 6 with three big homers. So the season started in form. For 11 years, Edward Charles Ford has been the Yankee money pitcher. It is hard to believe that Joe DiMaggio was in center field and Yogi Berra was a four-year man when Ford came up. From 1950 through 1961, he won 158 regular and nine World Series games. Last year, he broke Babe Ruth's record by pitching 32 consecutive scoreless Series innings, a mark that will probably never be matched. Through it all, Ford has been his own man, irreverent and quietly cocky. For years, he has assured his teammates, "Never fear, Whitey's here." This season, they will hear it again and believe it too.



Hot weather bothers Ford, but he is a no-fidget pitcher who works at batters methodically and quickly.

His lifetime average is .715. His ERA of 2.77 is the lowest of any active pitcher.

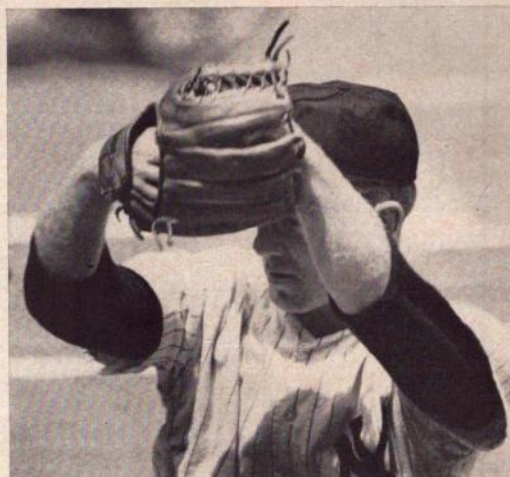
**"Never
fear,
Whitey's
here."**



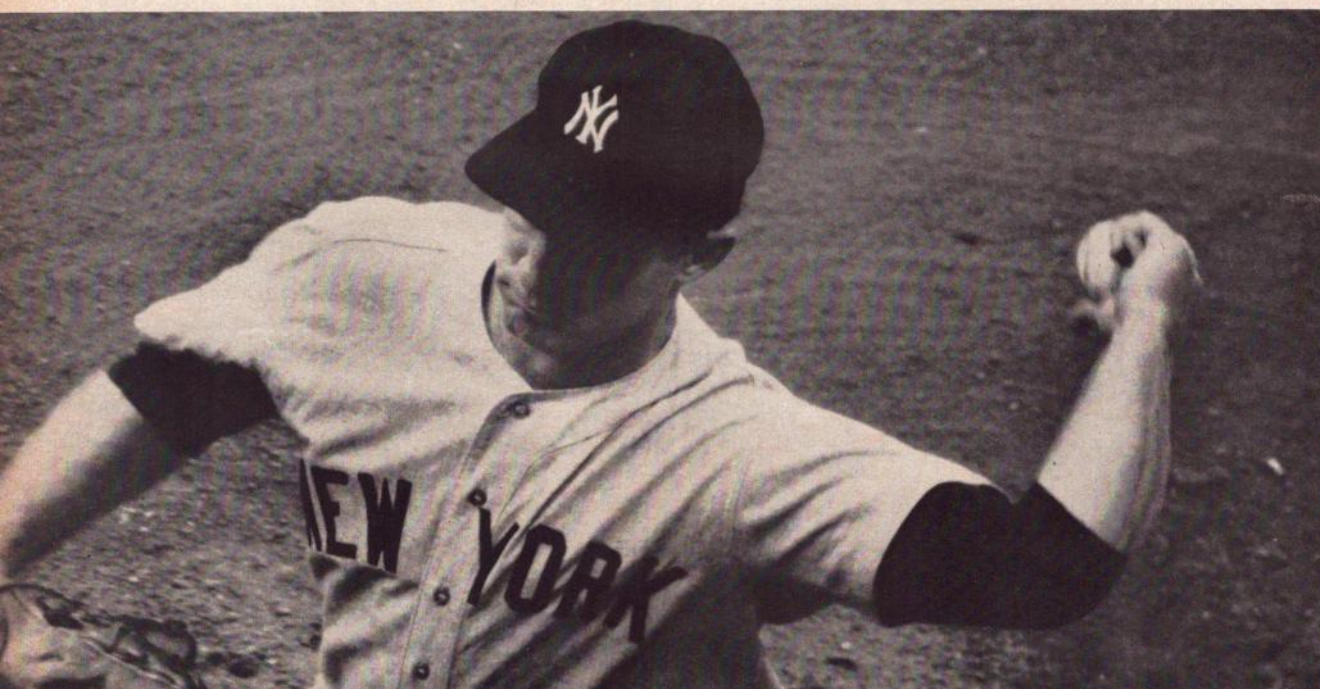
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"On the day I pitch...nothing is funny to me, and I mean it."

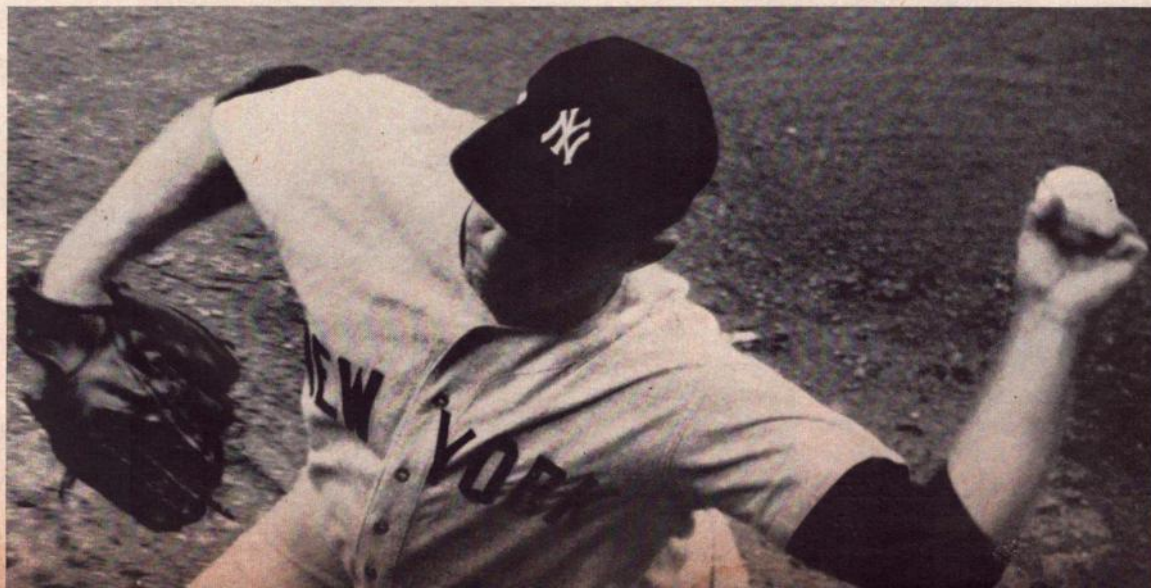
It is always a vision of beauty: the lefty on the mound, the reddish infield clay, the grass green as youth and the ball spinning swiftly toward the plate. Yet for baseball players, especially the proper Yankees, the game is grim stuff, because only about 500 men in the world can do it well enough for real pay. About 150 of them are pitchers, and Ford is one of the greatest of these. At 33, and after 15 years as a pro, he is on the hooks of his nerves on the day he throws. He is able to eat very little before a game and very little after. "My stomach gets tight," he says. He sweats off about eight pounds a game. Last year, Ford was put into regular rotation and worked every fourth day. The result was his best year, 25 and 4. He pitched 283 innings, 11 complete games; Arroyo saved him 13 times. Ford endures the jokes about Arroyo's being his "real arm," because only losers rap winning acts. "On the day I pitch," Ford says deliberately, "it is me against the other guys. Nothing is funny to me then, and I mean it."



Ford's assets include an uncommon memory about hitters.

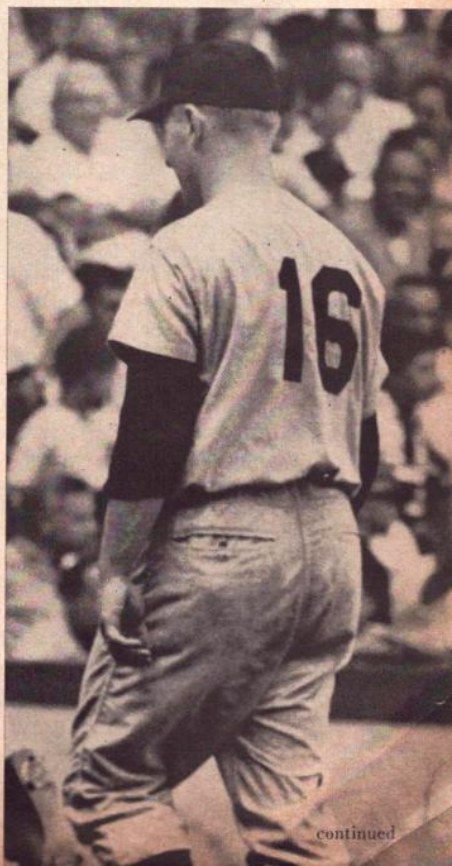
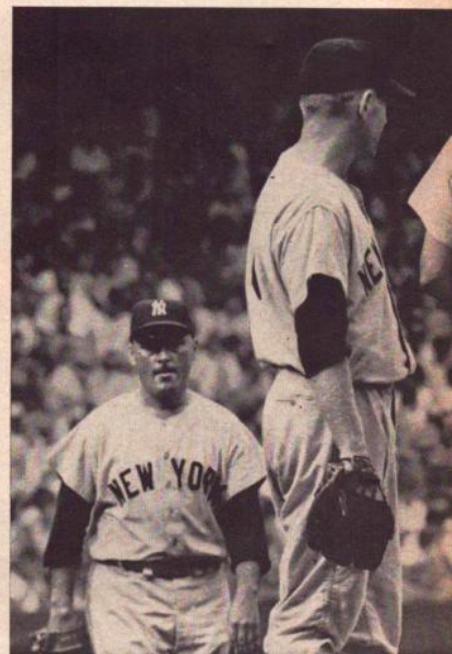


His pitches alternate between a fast ball, a curve and a slider, a change-up and a "new" screwball he plans to use this season.

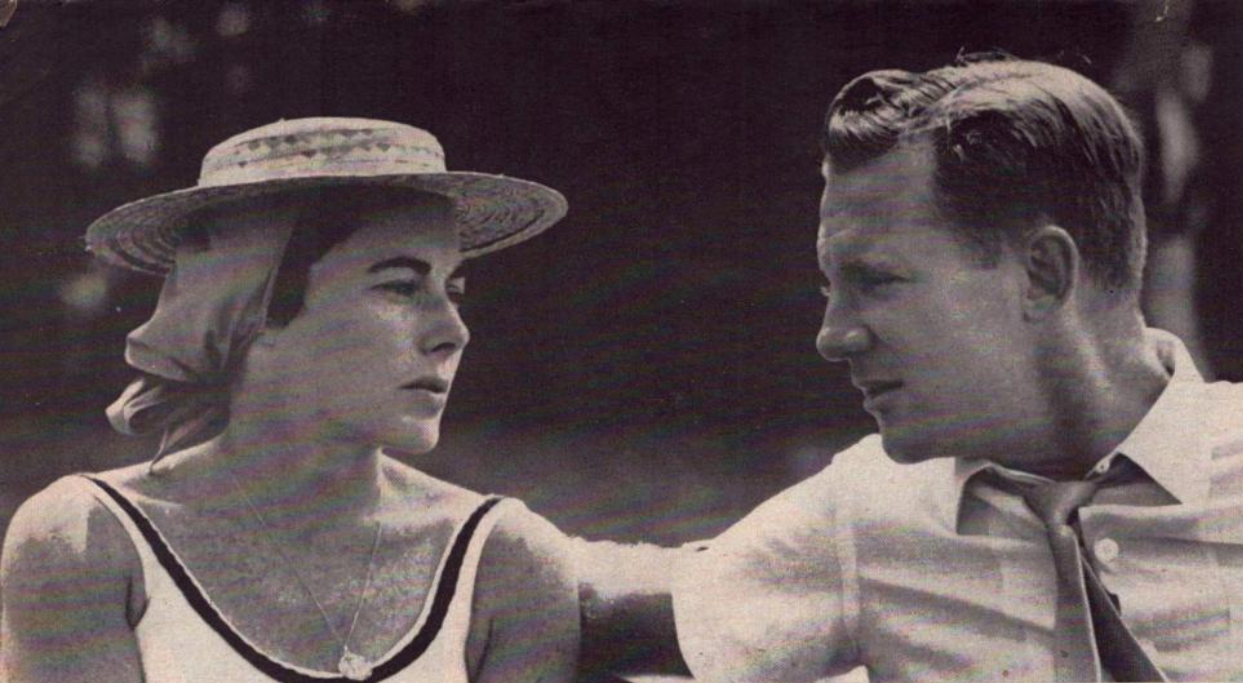




A familiar scene: Ford in trouble. He confers with Clete Boyer (left). Then manager Ralph Houk goes to mound (above). He calls in Luis Arroyo (below), and Ford leaves the field.



continued



WHITEY FORD continued

Whitey Ford and his wife Joan now live in Lake Success on Long Island. She often watches him pitch and admits she gets nervous.

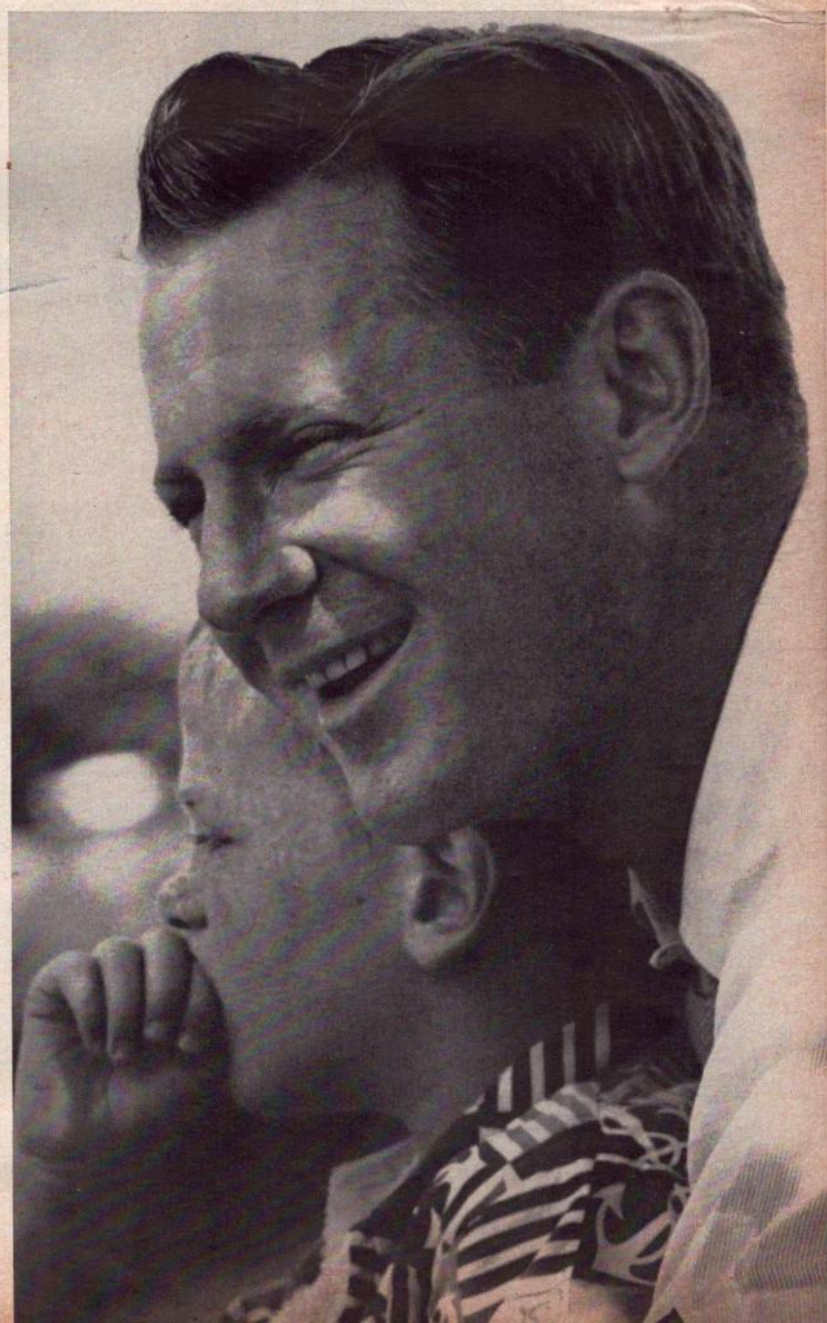
Produced by GEREON ZIMMERMANN
Photographed by JAMES HANSEN

Ford now rates as the highest-paid Yankee pitcher

Whitey Ford is currently appearing with his friends Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris in a movie called *Safe at Home*, and the critics have been having batting practice with the film. They say the plot is strictly sandlot. In truth, few baseball movies have ever been any good. Maybe that is because real-life stories are too real for the typewriters blinking in the sun beside the Hollywood swimming pools. Ford's *true* script goes this way:

He is an only child who attends a trade school in Manhattan, a kid with blue eyes, blond hair, a curled lower lip and an arm (left) of oak. He plays first base with a sandlot team and switches to pitching because he is too small. The Yankees see him, sign him up for \$7,000 and send him to Butler, Pa. He comes back to the big city (his hometown) in 1950 and sticks. He pops off and has fun, and he has bad seasons. He wins the clutch ball games, even though his old manager gives him the cold eye and uses him on a schedule that would drive a delivery boy nuts. He suffers the gout, elbow trouble and nightclub publicity, but he never balks.

He spends a hitch in the Army. He marries a beautiful, 19-year-old Irish girl with raven-black hair, blue eyes and freckles. Her name is Joan Foran, and, honest, she lives on the same block in the old neighborhood. They have three children, a girl and two boys; all are blonds, with blue eyes and freckles, and they are all good athletes. His teammates elect him their player representative, and the Yankees pay him \$50,000 a year—more than any other pitcher in their history. He never changes except in one respect: He gets to like baseball! After looking on the game as a chore for 15 years, he realizes that he enjoys helping the younger players. "But I do it only if the coaches say OK," he says. Ford discovers that baseball is his life, and he is happy with his lot. A Hollywood ending, but who will believe it?



Ford and his son Tommy enjoy a moment of companionship. His three children are sports-minded too.



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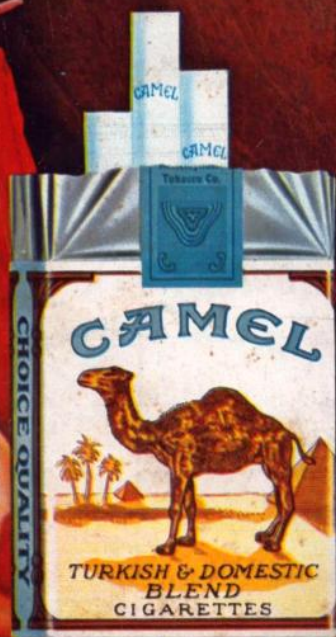
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